CRITERION 1946

Virginia Geodtry

May 16 - 1946

Dearest Ginia,

Did its being so
wonderful knowing you.
I have loved everyminute
we have been together.
You're very sweet and
nice girl, I shall always
remember you. As you
go thru life May God
Bless you with happiness
and Good Luck.

Your loving Friend,

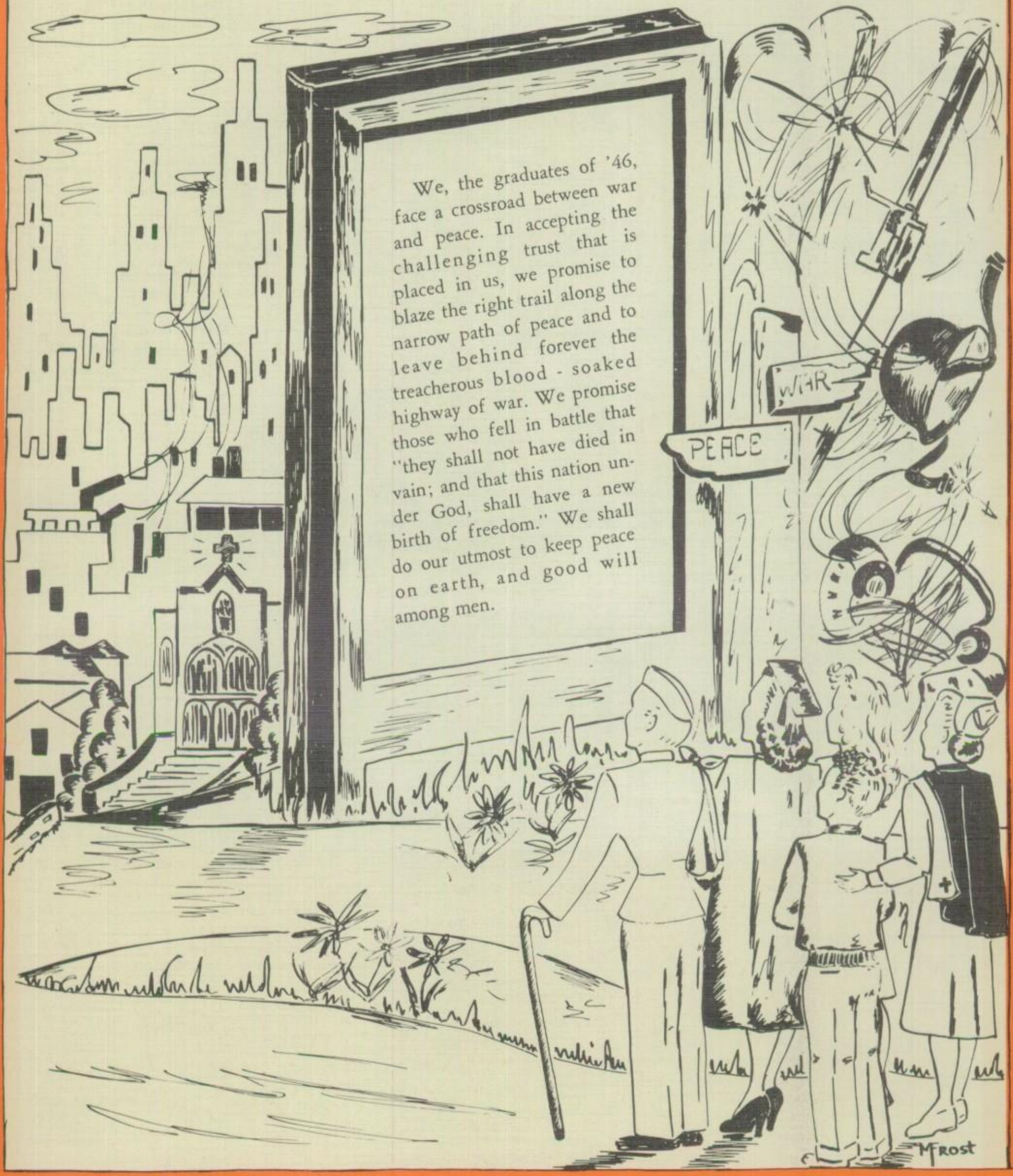
Nona Day

CRITERION

SCHOOL ACTIVITY ISSUE
1945-46
Annual Publication of the
ARDMORE HIGH SCHOOL
ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA

THE CRITERION—1945-46
CAROL CLOUGH, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
DAVID STEED, BUSINESS MANAGER

FOREWORD


We, the graduates of '46, face a crossroad between war and peace. In accepting the challenging trust that is placed in us, we promise to blaze the right trail along the narrow path of peace and to leave behind forever the treacherous blood - soaked highway of war. We promise those who fell in battle that "they shall not have died in vain; and that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." We shall do our utmost to keep peace on earth, and good will among men.
WAR
PEACE
MFROST

To our classmate, Billy Clemons, with sincere admiration
and affection we dedicate our book.

TO BILLY

The years slip off unheeding
Like pearls from a broken string,
And slide as silver tear drops
Into a crystal spring.

But love shines on forever,
And all things fine and true
Are polished to glowing luster
By the years as they slip through.

With courage lighting forward,
With faith allaying fears,
Love links our hands together,
And we rise into the years.

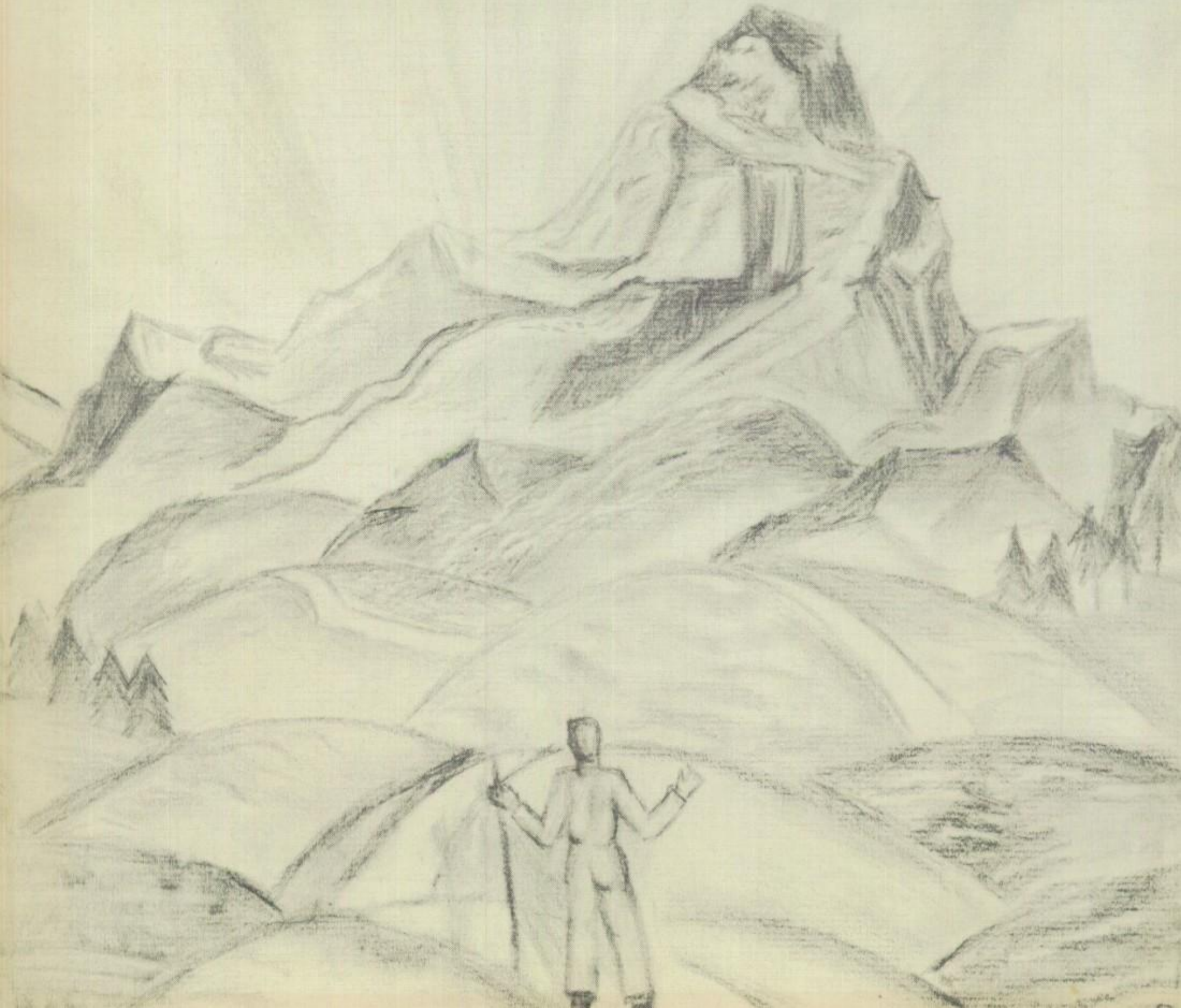
—Betsy Smith.

IN MEMORIAM

They answered the call of the drums of war. They sang and boasted, laughed, and joked their way to battle,—light-hearted boys.

They faced the fear, the fever, the fury of combat; ached and bled, prayed and died—stout-hearted men!

Captain John R. Steel	Class of 1929	Lt. Sterling Hancock	Class of 1938
Lt. James A. Conrady	Class of 1932	Pfc. Paul Edward Bridges	Class of 1938
Pfc. Louis E. Fraser	Class of 1933	Pfc. Vanoy C. Cummings	Class of 1939
Chief Radio Electrician Dexter Pat Morris	Class of 1933	Sgt. John W. Fletcher, Jr.	Class of 1939
Lt. Howard Paul Fonville	Class of 1934	Pfc. James E. LaRoche	Class of 1939
Lt. John Darrell Stukenberg	Class of 1934	Cpl. Donald J. McPherson	Class of 1939
Cadet Robert A. Cunningham	Class of 1935	Cpl. Paul Duncan	Class of 1940
Pvt. Alonzo H. Duke, Jr.	Class of 1936	Ensign Robert Paul Baker	Class of 1941
Captain Edward R. Halbach	Class of 1936	Pfc. Cleburne W. Cude, Jr.	Class of 1941
Lt. J. G. Frank E. Schneider	Class of 1936	Cpl. John Robert Riesen	Class of 1941
Pfc. Joe Holt, Jr.	Class of 1936	Lt. Wm. F. Freeman	Class of 1941
Lt. Noah Todd Hughes	Class of 1936	Ensign Dick R. Cheney	Class of 1942
Pfc. Johnny M. Dixon	Class of 1937	S1/c Leon Scrugham	Class of 1942



ADMINISTRATION AND SCHOOL BOARD

GEORGE D. HANN
Superintendent

EDITH H. LAWRENCE
Attendance Supervisor

T. E. GARRISON
Business Manager

RUTH HARRIS
Secretary

The class of 1946 extends to Mr. George Hann genuine gratitude for his influence in making this yearbook possible. Also, for the "definitely persuasive" manner in which he has kept us in line, demanded punctuality and urged us to reach a higher scholastic standard, we express appreciation.

If we, as a class, have made splendid development the last four years (and we feelingly believe we have) then we give credit where much credit is due and name our superintendent as one whose friendship we cherish and whose encouragement we value.

To the board of education go our thanks for their helpful financial aid and their co-operative "go ahead" sign to the *Criterion* staff. Backed by such friendly assistance and moral support we hope that we have edited a book which will be remembered with pride.

IRENE PATE McGOODWIN
Co-ordinator

Left to Right: Chester Franklin, George Hann, T. E. Garrison, Ray Colvert, Guy Givens, John Hendricks, Ralph Sullivan.

Criterion Honors

RALPH J. HALL, *M.A., History and Education*
George Peabody College

Our genial principal encountered with his characteristic calm the perennial headaches caused by the maze of red tape that accompanies a championship football season, and the chronic absenteeism of a few school characters. Even the Great Flu Epidemic and the Hunting Season failed to erase his broad smile or upset his equanimity. So universal a favorite is our stocky little head man that no summons to his inner sanctum holds terror for any of us. He dispenses judgment like a Solomon, always guided by a sympathetic understanding of our problems, and usually spices it with a joke or two. How many students know that he can even shake a wicked leg doing the Charleston? He's lovable and we love him.

MUNCY RECE, M.A.
American History
University of Chicago

J. RAYMOND GABBARD, B.S.
Instrumental Music
Oklahoma A. & M.

NINA OLIVER, B.S.
Algebra and Physics
Central College

ETHEL MCCLURE, A.B., L.S.
Library
Southern Methodist University

OSBORNE *P.* MONTGOMERY, A.B.
Mathematics and History
University of Oklahoma

ROBERT E. GOINS, B.S., B.A., M.Ed.
Biology
University of Oklahoma

LILLIAN G. SCHENK, A.B., B.S.
Spanish and History
University of Missouri

RUTH CHAFFIN, B.F.A.
Vocal Music
University of Oklahoma

BERNICE BOW, M.A.
Business
University of Oklahoma

The Faculty

MRS. E. C. JONES, B.A., *English and French*
University of Oklahoma

She works in a welter of yellow slips, mimeograph machines and official A.H.S. stationery. Calmly, impartially, she hears the despairing wails of students coming in after the bell's fateful tolling. She seems to possess infallible judgment about excuses for tardies and absentees. Our tried but true office secretary makes the wheels go 'round in the highschool. The office clicks with easy precision with her capable hands steering the way. Orchids to Mrs. Jones for her inexhaustible energy, amiable smile and unruffled poise. Her even serenity is backed always by a great discerning intelligence and we feel that even the highest praise cannot do her justice.

LILLIAN E. BISHOP, B.S., M.Ed.
English III, American Lit.
Shurtleff College

RAMONA B. MADDEN, B.A., M.A.
English IV, English V
University of Oklahoma

PAUL W. YOUNG, B.S.
Physical Education, Coach
University of Oklahoma

MARY ANN BLACK, B.S.
Math and Typing
Texas State College for Women

DAVID CROCKETT, B.A., M.A.
English II
Oklahoma A. & M.

E. WAYNE BYRD, B.S.
Chemistry and World History
Southeastern State College

MABEL G. WOLFE, B.S., M.Ed.
Latin
University of Oklahoma

ALINE S. ARNOLD, B.S.
Journalism and Home Economics
Texas State College for Women

BRUCE BAHNER
Custodian

The Rest of our Faculty

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Winifred Bransford, Fifth
Mrs. O. R. Bridges, Second
Geneva Evans, First
Lucille Findley, Third & Fourth
Mary Ringer, Art, Music & Fourth
Mae H. Ross, Third
Rose Kahn Solomon, Second
William E. Thomas, Fifth & Sixth

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Lily E. Chandler, Third
Byrd K. Craig, Art & Fifth
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Ruth O. Dawson, First
Eula D. Galt, Second
Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Second
Lois D. Pickens, Sixth
Ora Lee Plunkett, Third & Fourth
Frances Robinson, First
LaVada Walker, First

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Bernice Chaddick, Mathematics
Claire D. Cisco, Mathematics
Marjorie Goodnight, Geography
A. D. Hundley, Coach & Phys. Edu.
Virginia R. Jones, English
Hortense C. Landgraf, Read. & Eng.
Della Cox Larsen, Reading & Spelling
Wilna Lasiter, Music
Maude N. Maxwell, English
Maude W. Murphey, Mathematics
Jeanette Poland, Reading
Naomi B. Rollins, Phy. Ed. Girls
Jennie M. Smith, Art
Arthur G. Sturdevant, Ind. Art
Jean Warinner, History
Mabel Wolfe, Latin & English
Eloise S. Grimm, Secretary

LINCOLN SCHOOL

J. Burr Stout, Principal
Clara L. Cameron, Third & Fourth
Dorothy Gill, Third
Mrs. E. J. Johnson, Art, Music & Fifth
Clara Mansfield, First
Helen Morgan McCullar, Second
Mrs. B. P. Mitchell, Sixth
Vercue Sandlin, First
Mrs. William R. Smith, Fourth

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Virginia Winfrey Burt, Art & Fourth
Georgia E. Carpenter, Second
Gladice Carpenter, Second
Florida Carson, Third
Ruby Coffman, Third
Mrs. T. H. Hefley, Fifth
Carrie E. Love, Fifth
Mrs. Walter Reed, First
Lena Ellen Rice, Sixth
Lila Sturdivant, Fourth & Music
Mary Ruth Turner, First

LIENER TEMERLIN
President

OPAL WILLIAMS
Vice-President

MARGARET MICHAEL
Secretary-Treasurer

MEET THE SENIORS

CLASS HISTORY

At the close of this year a book which will be or, at least, should be read and cherished by posterity will have as its last word "Graduation" written proudly on the closing page. This book is the diary of the greatest (?) class ever to make the halls of A.H.S. ring with cheers of achievement. The history of this group begins way back in 1933, when proud mamas beamingly dragged us to kindergarten teachers, each feeling assured that her young hopeful could master the fine arts of block building better than other tearful sufferers. No one was killed in the sand pile brawls (thanks to bandaids) and so we marched confidently into the first grade. If you think Chaucer is hard, just remember our mighty struggles with that gem of thought twisters, the alphabet. Can't you recall the shaky knees when we first entered that sanctuary of fear, the principal's office, for playing "keeps" on the school ground, and the time behind the garage when, after being sworn to utmost secrecy, we daringly smoked our first grapevine (weren't we devils?). Next we proudly carried our straight "A" grade cards (?) to Jr. High where our class first was untied, I mean united. Catching on quickly we beat the upper classmen to the punch and bought the best assembly seats in the house. Presently we stumbled through our initial dance steps to the tune of "Blues in the Night" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo", and it was here that the girls first wore lipstick—smeared over the bottom half of their faces. As ninth graders we sat proudly on the south side of the auditorium during assemblies but we were quickly demoted to the balcony again after Junior High graduation, where the girls wobbled across the stage in new high heels. Our mothers, now with more gray hair and less assurance, prompted us to greater heights. As lowly Sophs we took too much glory in the oratorical contest and, in the class fight that followed, we were quickly tied to tombstones by the jealous seniors. In our junior year a separate chapter in our diary is devoted to burr heads, when all the boys willingly (?) sacrificed their curly locks. Here we had the honor, or at least claimed it, of starting a fad that swept the school like a tornado (leaving only a few untouched incidentally). Our now silver haired mothers sat quietly in the background saying "What next?" as we became seniors. As always, we walked off with honors and presented the best senior play in school this year. As you have probably guessed, this book is the record of the only perfect senior class in history (definition of history: period of time from 1945 to 1946). The class of 1946 unselfishly leaves this book to the classes of the future, so that they may strive for our high point of perfection!

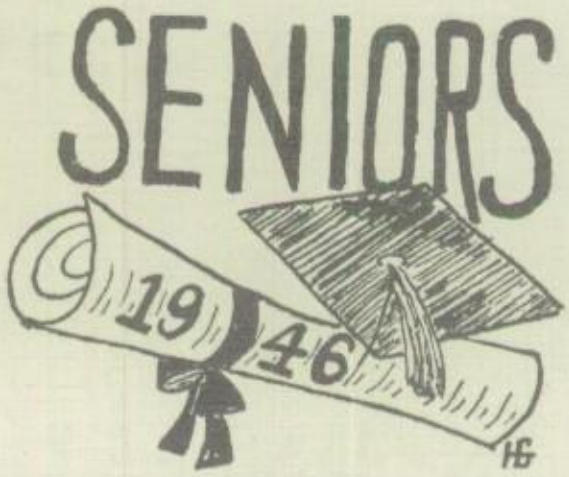
—Dan Poland.

SUE ALLEN
(Susie)
"Heavy tender"
To annoy males

ESTHER ANDERSON
(Essie)
"Roger!"
Go on hayrides

HARRY APPLEBY
(Stubby)
"Rack!"
To bowl

FRANCES BARTEE
(Fran)
"Kid!"
Waste time



INEZ BARTLEY
(Inie)
"Well, Hector!"
To embroider

LOUISE BARTLEY
(Lou)
"Are you kidding?"
Go to the show

FRANK BELL
(Slouch)
"I'm a'hurtin'"
Court the girls

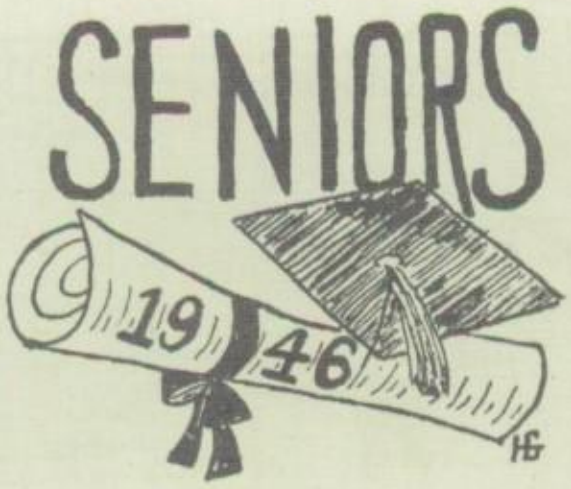
JOE VAN BENTON
(Joe Boy)
"How ya doin'?"
To eat and sleep

ANITA BERRY
(Squeeta)
"Really?"
To "try" to swim

LLOYD BIDDICK
(Bud)
"How in the world are ya?"
To play in the water

ANITA BLALOCK
(Skeet)
"Think I won't?"
To go with men

NORMA BODINE COE
(Skeets)
"How about that?"
To talk about "Red"



BILL BOONE
(Roundhouse)
"Oh Casey!"
Hunt (game or otherwise)

MILLIE BRADY
(Woody)
"How—dy!"
To dance and skate

W. M. BRUMLEY
"Honey, I'm a'hurtin' "
Shoot pool

PHIL BUCK
(Bill)
"Oh corn!"
Hunting (all kinds)

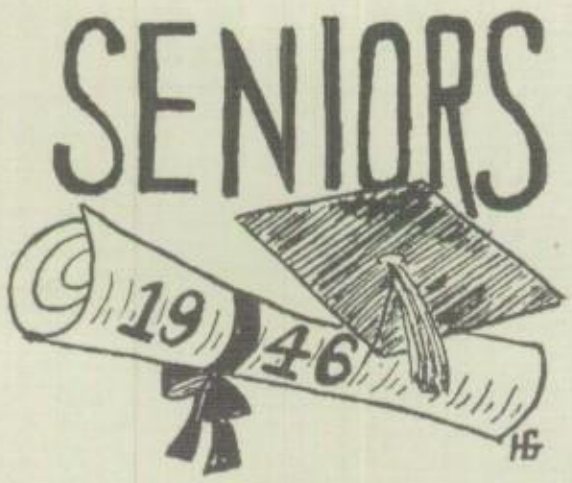
DOUG BURRIS
(Chickamah)
"How's the kid?"
Irritating Ramona

JOAN BURRUS
(Jodie)
"That slays me!"
Make chocolate cake

BILL BURTON
(Wilyum)
"You dirty crook!"
Torture little kids

FRANCES BUTLER
(Squirt)
"I'll never tell"
To go to wiener roasts

SENIORS



JERRY CARTER
"Have you heard this one?"
Play a pipe organ

PAT CASHMAN
(Right-bank)
"I'm lookin' for you, honey"
To smell pretty

BILL CATES
(Red)
"I don't know about that"
To play football

MARY LOU CHANDLER
(Mert)
"Oh, you perty boy!"
To whistle at sailors

FRED CHAPMAN
(Podunk)
"Maw-haw!"
All women

DELORES CISSELL
(Sudie)
"I'll swear"
Dance with "Snake"

ROBERT CLARK
(Booger)
(Can't be put in print)
Drink (water)

CAROL CLOUGH
(Fuzzy)
"How savv!"
To practice (?) making eyes

PEGGY COADY
(Peg)
"Tuff!"
Roller skating

ALCIE COONER
(Oakie)
"I'm not proud"
Dance to dreamy music

BRUCE COPLIN
(Curly)
"Call the law"
Ride horseback

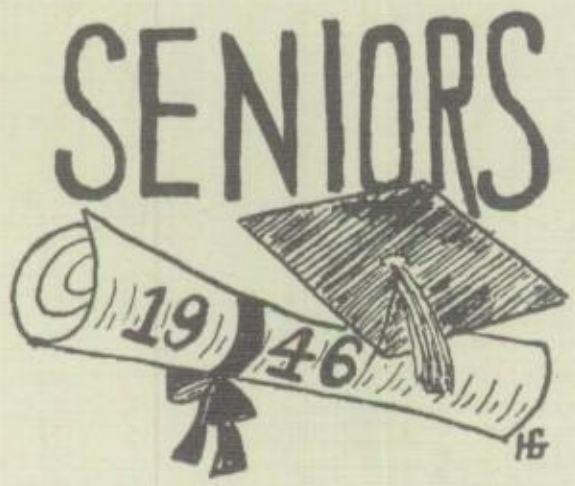
SUDIE CORNELL
(Corny)
"Wa--al, I say!"
Eat pecans

JEANNINE COX
(Pete)
"Oh, tweet!"
Week ends

PAULINE COX
"Greetings"
Have fun

BILLIE MAXINE CROUCH
(Max)
"Jeepers"
Hikes with lots of eats

BILLYE JOY CUMMINGS
"Oh, nuts!"
To go to the show



BOBBIE JUNE DAVIDSON
(never talks)
To swim

KENNETH DAY
(Blind Tom)
"Whadda ya know?"
To swim

BETTY DAYTON
(Betts)
"Aw nuts!"
Ride horses

THELMA DE HART
(Rosy)
"Think I won't?"
Dance and skate

"Muriel"

DON DILLARD
"Whaddya say?"
To toot a clarinet

MURIEL EASLEY
(Molly)
"Horse feathers!"
Eat and sleep

ANN EBELING
(Drilop)
"I just laugh at you"
Run and play

JANE ELZEY
"I ain't proud"
To gallivant

GERALD ERNST
(Jerry)
"Hi feller!"
—, women, and song

JORENE FORBES
(Roxie)
"Oh rats!"
To ride horses

WIRTAINE FRANKLIN
(Wirtie)
"Drool!"
Dance cheek to cheek

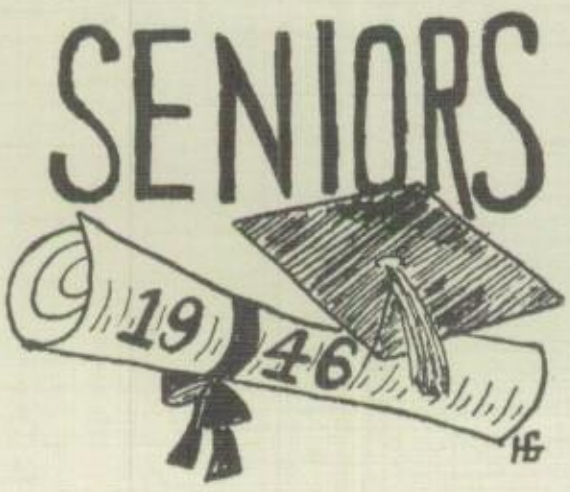
MAXINE FROST
(Dreamboat)
"Hubba! Hubba!"
To roller skate

RAMONA FRY
(Penny)
"Dear John!"
To sew

HARRIET GARDNER
(H. G.)
"Oh no, really!"
Letters from St. John's

JAMES GAYLOR
(Jimmy)
"Tell ya' what I'm gonna do"
"Swim" at Dornick Hills

MARY JO GORDON
"Halo!"
To chew gum



MELVA JEAN HALL
"I nearly died"
Slumber parties

ALMA HALPIN
(Propwash)
"Natch"
To Travel

GLORIA HARDY
(Glow-Worm)
"No kidding?"
Write novels in secret

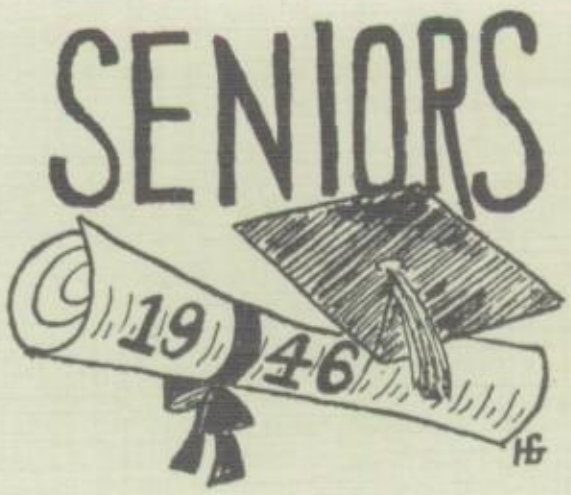
MARIE YATES
(Weedie)
"I'll be darn!"
Strikes and spares

ARCH HILL
(Loon)
"Ug!"
Hunt ducks with pop guns

HERMAN HUNT
(Chubby)
"Is that so?"
Go on hunting trips

FARISS JONES
(Mokecus)
"Ug! Ug!"
Be an armchair quarterback

HOWARD KELLEY
(Herley)
"I don't know"
To loaf in chemistry



CHARLES KISTLER
(Silence)
To experiment in lab

DARLENE LANE
(Beth)
"Think I can't?"
To gab

LARRY LAWRENCE
(Leemul)
"Ought to be more girls"
To tell pointless jokes

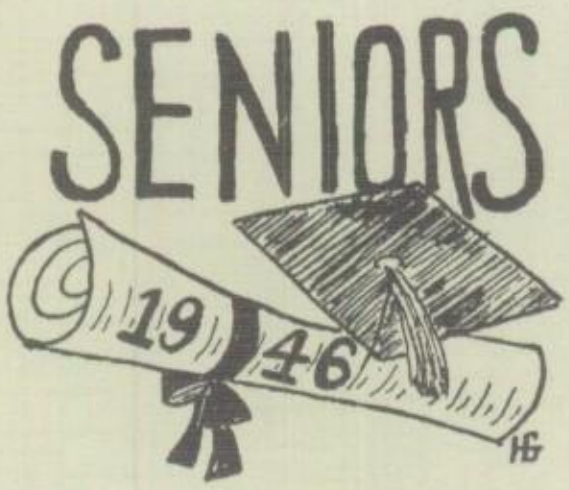
DON LEEMAN
(Tubby)
"A-a-aw!"
Week end dates

E. J. LEVERETT
(Stubby)
"Think it'll rain?"
Play golf

FRANCES LONG
(Pete)
"That's tough, bud"
To make life merry

HARRYETTE
LOWENSTEIN
"Really?"
A dashing halfback

EVANGELINE MALOTT
(Stinky)
"Hiya!"
Loves secrets



WANDA JEANNE
McCARTY
"Oh gee!"
Eat banana splits

BETTY McLAIRD
(Beanie)
"How you feeling, Rover?"
Chocolate and Bing Crosby

VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN
(Tiny)
"Boi-nng!"
Dick Haymes' singing

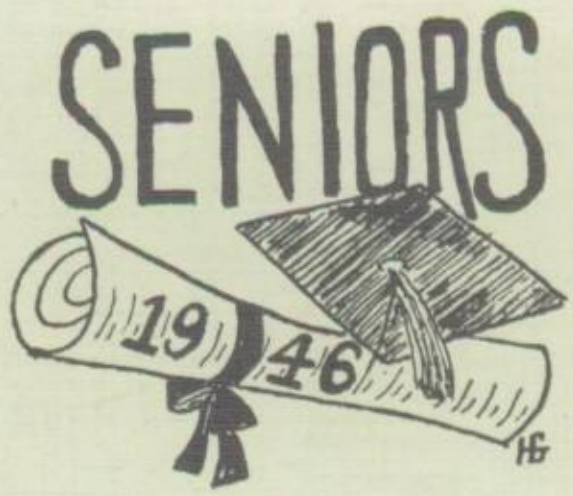
OLLIE MEADOWS
(Dimples)
"For crying out loud!"
To keep books

MARGARET MICHAEL
(Mert)
"That's tough"
Dance with Frank Bell

HASKELL MOORE
"My, my, such pretty
women!"
To bowl

WANDA MOREHEAD
(Snooks)
"Whatcha doin'?"
Wear big Bud's sweaters

MARILYN MYERS
(Lyn)
"I love that man"
Design clothes



MILDRED PARKER
"Jimminey Crickets!"
To make candy

MARY PARLIER
(Coach)
"Hey, boy!"
To yell her lungs out

TOMMY PEARSON
(Smiley)
"Call de law!"
Play snooker

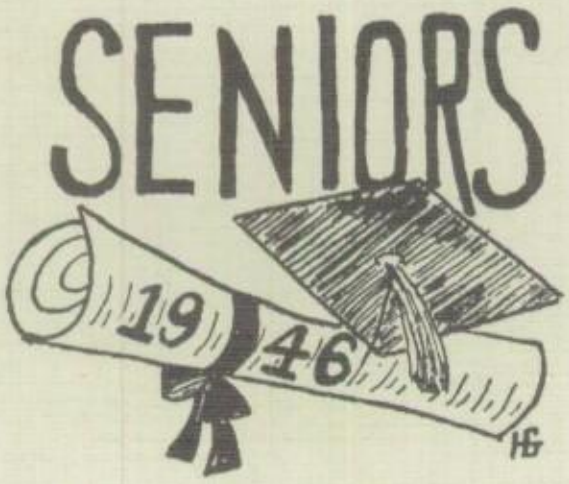
JOHN PLUME
(Willie)
"That's life"
Play with guns

DAN POLAND
(Peachy)
"Lo-dee-to-to!"
Borrow notebook paper

ANN POWLEDGE
(English)
"Oh joy!"
Hear from points south

MARY RABUN
(Kate)
"Move over"
Colorful convertibles

MARTHA RICHARDSON
(Marthie)
"You look healthy"
To laugh



BILL RUNGE
(Aighead)
Wear cowboy boots

CYNTHIA SANDERS
(Jo-Jo)
"I'll never tell"
To snooze

MAURINE SANDERS
"For Pete's sake"
To eat fried potatoes

PAUL SAYLOR
(Toby)
"I'll be—"
To date intelligent girls

BILLY SHARP
(Joseefus)
"Oh my goodness!"
To count money

EMMA FAY SKINNER
"Yum! Yum!"
Brilliant conversation

JOE SLOAN
(Duffy)
"You ain't kiddin' "
Drive big trucks

BETSY SMITH
(Cedar)
"Catch that!"
Open surprise packages

DORIS LEE SPEARMAN
"You idiot!"
Make like a gopher

DOROTHY SPEARMAN
(Clabber)
"Good deal, man!"
Go places!

ARTLE SPENCER
(Artie)
"One man's opinion
Look at girls

RITA SPREKELMEYER
(Rete)
"My word!"
Listen to records

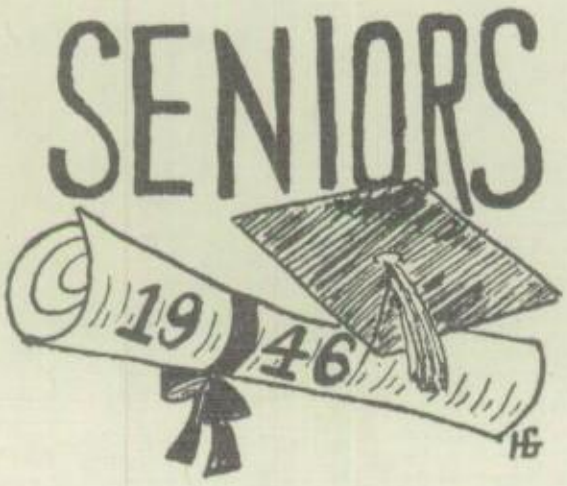
BETTY SPURLOCK
(Spurs)
"That's your question!"
To warble

LaNEAVE WOOLVERTON
"He's a goody"
To snare men

DAVID STEED
(Slats)
"Know any dirt?"
Pestering girls

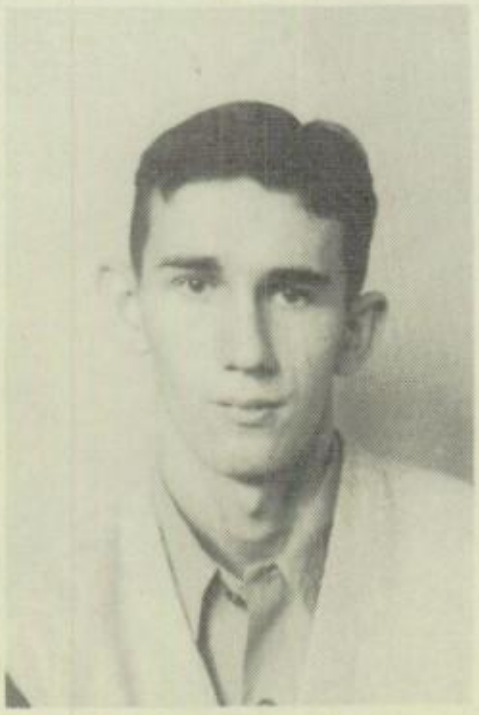
MARY TABOR
(Tabe)
"I'll bet you know'
Hang around Reavis Drug

SENIORS



LIENER TEMERLIN
(Snake)
"Love it!"
Being the efficient exec

CAL THOMASON
(Houne)
"I say she do"
Shootin' 'em up



BILL TODD
(Willie)
"Oh, bad words!"
Repair radios

JOHN TODD
(Toddy)
"Hello, honey"
Go romancing

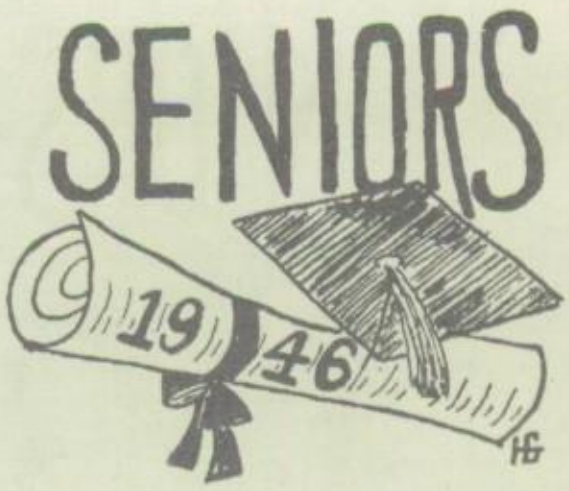
LAVERNE TROTTER
(Donna)
"I believe"
Tall blonde men!

MARY LOU TURNER
(Blondie)
"Fine as wine"
Talking jive lingo

HELLEN WALLACE
(Uppy)
"Just a little bit"
Being married

LILLIAN WALLACE
(Lily)
"Oh good heaven!"
To read

SENIORS



JOE WARD
(Sniffles)
"Ain't that a booby trap?"
To prowl

FERRELL WATSON
(Honey)
"I love me too!"
Her man

MILLICENT WHEAT
(Buckwheat)
"Oh corn!"
Look at boys!

BETTY WICKER
(Betsy)
To take pictures
"Cute as a bug's eyebrow'

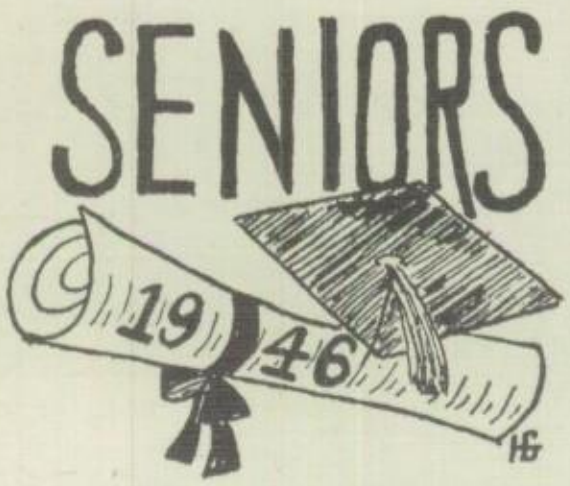
OPAL WILLIAMS
(Rusty)
"Hubba-Hubba!"
Act silly

MAX WILLIAMSON
(El Maxo)
"Oh! you woman you!"
Tease the gals

MARY LOUISE WOERZ
"Call me a taxi"
Big boys

BILL STACY
(Tex)
"Leave us face it"
Snap subjects

SENIORS



PEGGY WOODS
(Baby)
"Turn out the lights"
To make with the feet

And then there was the little A.H.S. girl who wrote her O.U. boy friend: "Having a wonderful wish, t i m e you were here."

ANN CLARK
President

HELEN HERBER
Vice-President

JOANNE SCRUGHAM
Secretary-Treasurer

MEET THE JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Some poor souls still believe that American history is the greatest of all. These have yet to read the inspiring saga of the junior class.

The gathering of the clan began back in 1935. Ah, we remember well our scramble for graham crackers each morning at kindergarten.

We were shrinking and timid our first morning. Then for six years we explored the mysteries of the multiplication tables and the primer. When we graduated from ward school, our mothers tearfully cut off our baby curls and sent us out into the world.

Junior High seemed big and strange to us at first, but we soon got into the swim. In the ninth grade Mr. Hall deserted us for greener pastures in senior high.

The next year we stormed the halls of high school and there was our old pal again. No sooner were we comfortably settled than we were aware of unfriendly looks being tossed our way by the junior and senior girls. Our femme fatales were capturing the hearts of too many upper classmen.

We have the reputation of being the peppiest, "stickin' togetherest" class in school. We've produced the football queen for two years running and our rugged football heroes have been Tiger mainsprings.

As our class has been united in the past, so it will be in the future. The juniors and sophs will be put in the shade by the seniors of '47!

—JOAN HENDRICKS

First Row: Cerisa Alderson, Gene Alexander, Eunice Arnold, Don Atkins, Clive Atkinson.

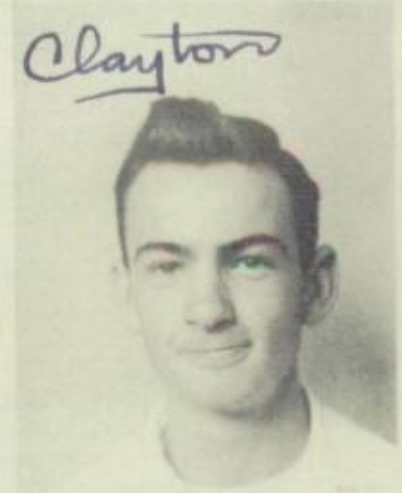
Second Row: Cecil Bailey, Bill Beard, Donna Lou Bechtel, Lahoma Blassingame, Kenneth Bonds.

Third Row: Peggy Bonneau, Georgia Boyer, Jimy Earlene Brady.

Fourth Row: Royce Branum, Jennie Brown, Catherine Bucher.

Fifth Row: Bob Burkett, Patricia Byrd.

JUNIORS



First Row: Walter Calhoun, Billy Case, James Cason, Dorothy Chandler, Elizabeth Cheuvront.

Second Row: Ann Clark, Hellen Cleek, Frances Clemens, Betty Clendenin, John Colvert.

Third Row: Clayton Conwell, Janice Cook, Frank Cornell.

Fourth Row: Charles Creecy, Patty Cude, Joe Daniel.

Fifth Row: Mary Lou Davis, Nona Day.

JUNIORS

First Row: Helen Dowdy, John Dubiel, Peggy Dyerly, Imogene Elledge, Irene Floyd.

Second Row: Floyd Forbes, June Ford, Elizabeth Gaylor, Virginia Gentry, Wayland George.

Third Row: James Graham, Bill Griffin, Bill Grimm.

Fourth Row: Bob Grissom, Elaine Gugler, Ruth Ann Hagen.

Fifth Row: Jeannine Haggard, Evalyn Halpin.

JUNIORS

First Row: Jack Hammett, Virgil Harris, John Head, Louise Hearon, Martha Ann Hendon.

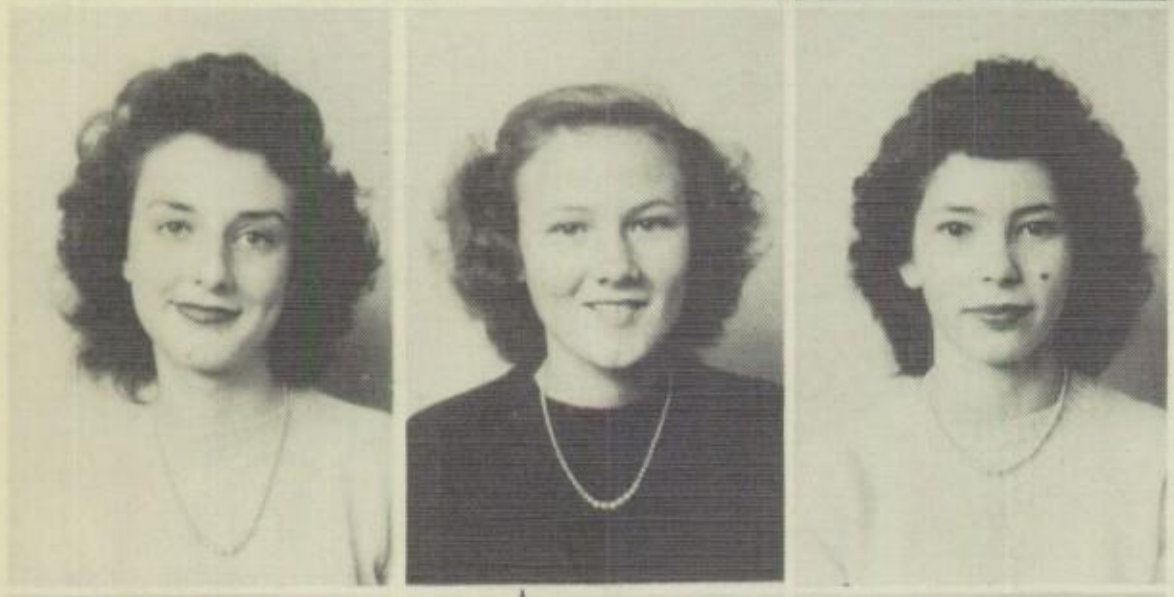
Second Row: Joan Hendricks, Helen Herber, Lorin Herbold, Billie Jean Heron, Clyde Heron.

Third Row: Miriam Herr, Eugene Hill, Jim Hill.

Fourth Row: Mildred Holbrook, Billie Holloway, Bill Howie.

Fifth Row: Sam Hunt, Foy Jackson.

JUNIORS



First Row: Laverne Jernigan, Wadene Jobe, Joanne Johnson, Jeanne Kahl, Betty Keel.

Second Row: Virginia Keith, Benny Louise Kerr, Peggy Landers, Billie Ruth Leach, Gene Ledbetter.

Third Row: Joyce Lively, Betty Longino, Betty Lowery.

Fourth Row: Mary Louise Mann, Felecia Mayberry, Marilyn McCollum.

Fifth Row: Lois McLaughlin, Jim McMurry.

JUNIORS

First Row: Geneva McNeely, Billy Means, Janet Jo Means, Bernice Miller, Bud Miller.

Second Row: Elinor Miller, Elizabeth Miller, Barbara Milner, Jack Moorhead, Maryella Moorhead.

Third Row: La Verda Moyers, Nancy Nolen, Jimmy Ottinger.

Fourth Row: Frances Owens, Ralph Parlier, Melba Louise Phipps.

Fifth Row: Bill Pickens, Raymond Potts.

JUNIORS

First Row: Beth Ann Pound, Dale Prater, M. C. Price, Bill Priddy, Kenneth Prowant.

Second Row: Gene Read, Walter Reed, Betty Jo Renick, Adele Rice, Helen Richerson.

Third Row: Hazel Rose Roeper, Ruby Mae Rogers, Jean Rowland.

Fourth Row: Winston Ruble, Margaret Rutledge, Margie Ryan.

Fifth Row: Joanne Scrugham, Clyde Shelley.

JUNIORS

First Row: Colene Shinn, James Simpson, Memory Smith, Mary Kathryn Spell, Curwood Stewart.

Second Row: Bill Stringer, Joanne Sullivan, Fern Tate, Wanda Taylor, Eva Jo Thrasher.

Third Row: Betty Trego, Billy Wallis, James Watts.

Fourth Row: Charles White, George White, John Whittaker.

Fifth Row: Lila Whittaker, Eleanor Wilkes.

JUNIORS

Row One (Left to Right): Lillian Stout, Laverne Wages, Wilcey Yates, Gladys Wilkins, Mora Williams.
Row Two: Jo Ann Willingham, Hazel Wilson, Donn Young, Cordy Heron, Karlene Moore (Sophomore).

SONG OF ARDMORE

A song of Ardmore and her love so true
Comes wafting over the air
And thrills us through and through.
While the bells of victory do ring,
We'll answer back by rising to sing—
Hail! Old Ardmore, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our alma mater, thou art loyal, brave, and true,
Her spirit guiding as we journey on,
We'll always wear the red and white for old Ardmore.

You may talk about your colleges, fair Harvard and old Yale,
And all the universities whose banners brave the gale,
The azure flag of Cambridge, and old Oxford's noble blue
That fly in far-off England, o'er hearts so brave and true.
From the sunny shores of Frisco to the distant Portland, Maine.
Away off to the Philippines and away back home again—
No college, university, or school can ever show,
So brave, so true, so great a crew as students that we know.

(Chorus)

For we are jolly students of the Ardmore, Oklahoma, schools,
Our colors are red and white,
We wear the emblem of our alma mater true—
Rah-rah-rah,
We're the kind that dare and do.

RAY DAVIDSON
President

MILLICENT CLARK
Vice-President

MARGARET CASEY
Secretary-Treasurer

MEET THE SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

This is the story of a class, under the generalship of Miss Ethel McClure and David Crockett, which will no doubt become so great that the world may never know all it has accomplished.

Before all the glorious facts fade into the past we would like to record a few notes for posterity.

The sophomores, for the second time in history, swept away first place honors in the oratorical contest when Mickey Clark was awarded the gold medal. Some sophomores were so happy that they wanted to jump down from the balcony to congratulate her but were fortunately restrained.

Our sophomore football players boosted the morale of the bench-warmers and Jack Brewster with his educated toe converted many an extra point. Fritzi (Dangerous Curves) Horn was our soph football queen candidate.

We could go on rhapsodizing about our favorite class for pages but we can no longer express ourselves in the common medium of prose used by the juniors and seniors so we must break into poetry. Leave us face it—

We wish that we could mention
Each member in the class
Ray Davidson is president
The rest will have to pass
But don't forget
We've got the goods
To be the class of classes
Poor Juniors and poor Seniors!
They can't hope to surpass us.

—SHERMA HORTON

First Row: Bobbie Alexander, Camille Anderson, Fanna Lou Atkinson, Norma Balthrop, Nelda Faye Barnett, Bobby Beane.

Second Row: Ora Bell, Raymond Blount, Thomasine Boone, Olen Boutwell, Lorenz Boyd, Jack Brewster.

Third Row: Phillip Brodie, David Brooks, Stella Brooks, Berta Brown, Betty Brown, Bill Brumley.

Fourth Row: Diann Buchanan, Derl Burris, Robert Butcher, Earl Butler, Kathryn Byers, Eddie Carson.

Fifth Row: Margaret Casey, Robert Cavins, Herschel Chadwell, Millicent Clark, Kathryn Clifton, Jim Clowe.

First Row: Robert Cornell, Roberta Cox, Betty Sue Cude, Dorothy Cude, Ray Davidson, Bobbie Sue Davis.

Second Row: Delores Day, Joe Day, Ruby Day, Mance Drummond, Jr., Elizabeth Dyer, Jesse Elliott.

Third Row: Kenneth Elliott, Jean Falls, Bobby Lee Franklin, Claude Frensley, Peggy Galloway, Shirley Geurkink.

Fourth Row: Helen Marie Gibson, Helen Ruth Gibson, Bobby Gilley, Mina Ruth Gilstrap, Jo Pat Graham, Jack Griffin.

Fifth Row: Spencer Griffin, Pearl Harris, Willie May Hart, Ambert Hattensty, Judith Dell Haynes, Robert Henry.

First Row: Jack Hensley, Joyce Hill, John Holladay, John Holt, Fritzi Horn, Sherma Horton.

Second Row: Barbara Howard, Wanda Howard, Dick Howie, Nancy Lee Huebel, Elvie Hunt, Evelyn Hunt.

Third Row: Tom Ed Hunt, Louise Hunter, Wayland Jackson, Betty Johnson, Lorraine Johnson, Dan Jones.

Fourth Row: Kenneth Kirkpatrick, Henry Klein, Billie Jean Loughridge, Harold Mayo, Patrica McCarty, Richard McCormick.

Fifth Row: Gene McFall, Richard McFall, Harold McMillan, James Means, Jerry Midkiff, Jerry Montgomery.

First Row: Gene Morter, Dorothy Moss, June Lavinia Moss, Billy Mote, Jerry Nance, Patsy Nance.

Second Row: Ann Noble, Max Oakman, Jeanetta Palmer, Janelle Parlier, Martha Pate, Barbara Patterson.

Third Row: Harold Pierce, Rex Ann Pierce, Sami Pittman, Mona Rabun, Ruby Rainwater, Bob Read.

Fourth Row: Gordon Rice, James Riley, Anna Lee Robertson, Chiquita Robinson, James Robinson, Tommy Sadler.

Fifth Row: Arthur Salyer, Edith Schiff, Bill Shaner, Mary Sue Sides, Gene Sigman, Joe Smith.

First Row: Scotta Sparks, Mary Lou Stewart, Barbara Stoner, Bobby Taylor, Bob Todd, Stelline Van Syckle.

Second Row: Eva Waddington, Ned Turner, Douglas Vernon, Mary Elizabeth Walker, Joan Walker, Gloria Jean Wallace.

Third Row: James West, Betty Wallace, Doris White, Carolyn Whitt, Ernest Wicker, Wanda Wilburn.

Fourth Row: Arville Wood, Jerry Williams, Waltine Staples, Barbara Winston, Bill Woods, Jerry Young.

PICTURE OF THE YEAR

We held our breaths while Cashman raced the ball down the sidelines—a whole string of Classen Comets were bearing down on him—then Pat broke away from his pursuers! Here is the picture of one of the year's dramatic highlights—the moment when our fleet all-stater evaded the clutches of those onrushing Comets.

1. Betsy
2. Carol
3. Max
4. Anita
5. Evangeline
6. Wirtaine
7. Joe Sharp
8. David
9. Harriet
10. Ann
11. Billye
12. Billie Maxine
13. Doris and Dorothy
14. Paul
15. Gloria
16. Mary Jo
17. Mary
18. Dan
19. Harryette
20. Bud
21. Wanda Jeanne
22. Frances
23. Marilyn
24. La Neave
25. Mildred
26. Liener

1. Ramona
2. Anita
3. Wanda
4. Tommy
5. Inez
6. Ferrell
7. Jane
8. Margaret
9. Joe
10. Betty
11. Don
12. Opal
13. Sue
14. Louise
15. Melva
16. Frances
17. John
18. Thelma
19. Laverne

"Our Waltz"

"Stardust"

"I Can't Begin To Tell You"

"Till the End of Time"

"Symphony"

Criterion Goes to a Party

Remember the night? Our Teen Town Christmas dance. The orchestra played songs like "Caledonia," "White Christmas," "Can't Get Started," and "Talk of the Town." Remember the holly and mistletoe, soft lights and soft drinks? Remember the 25c cover charge . . . Sue Allen flirting with everyone . . . Frank Bell likewise . . . Peachy strutting around in his tux . . . Saylor and Clough dancing so-oo close . . . Lowenstein jiving with "Snake" . . . Biddick giving in to the heat and being the first to take off his coat? We'll always cherish these memories of laughter and fun and highschool romances. Remember? How can we forget?

"Cocktails For Two"

"That's For Me"

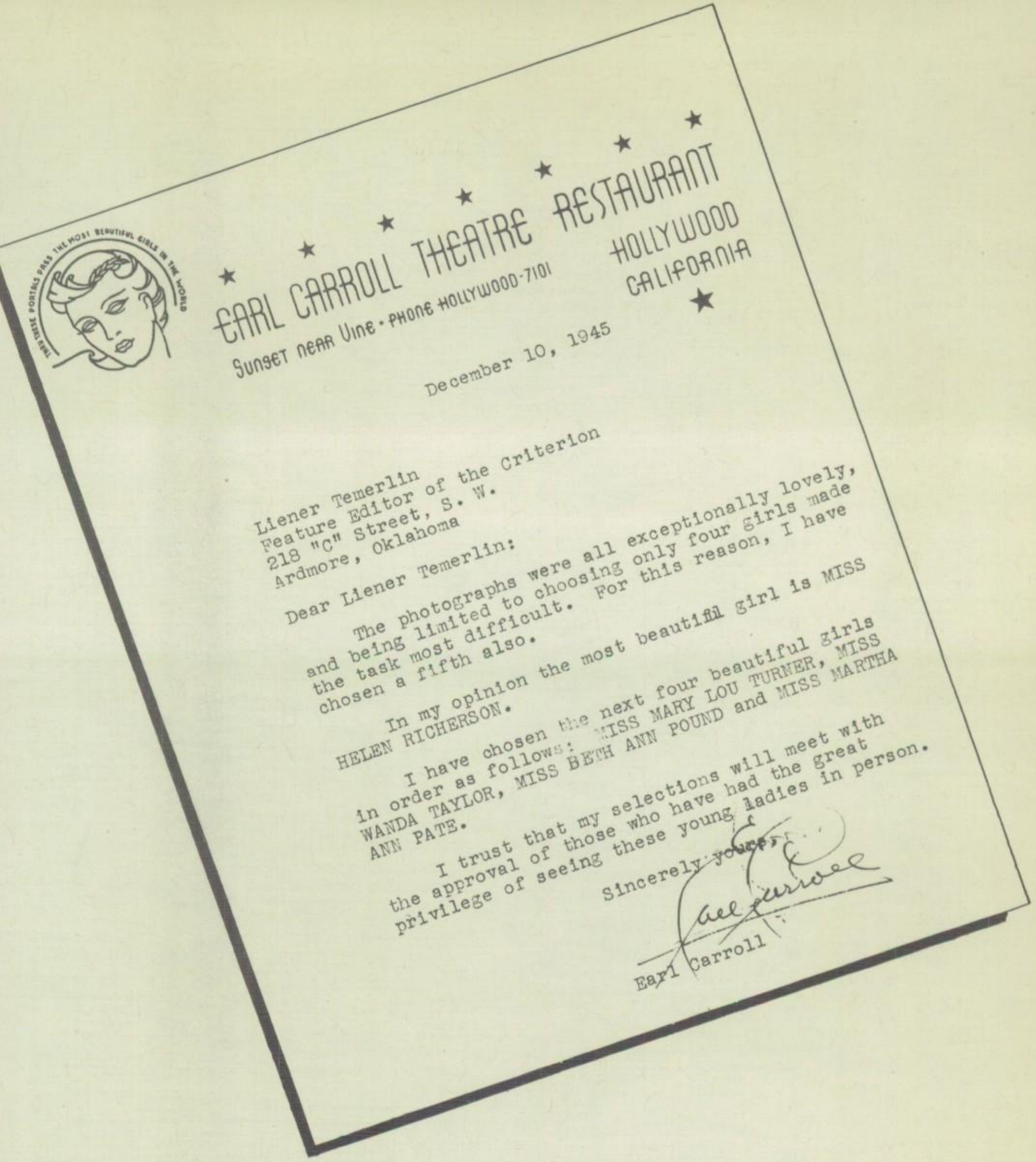
"Chickery Chick"

"A Kiss Goodnight" and "Just A Little Fond Affection."

"Boogie Woogie" and "Dig You Later."

Hepburn, Cornel, Van Johnson, and Sinatra started quaking in their hand-made shoes when the senior assembly hit the boards. In spite of an epidemic of laryngitis, few rehearsal periods, last minute change of leading men, the cast came through with a bang-up performance.

Gay music . . . glamorous models . . . witty emcee . . . talented actors. For entertainment plus—"Just Leave It to the Seniors!" (written by a senior, naturally)


EARL CARROLL THEATRE RESTAURANT
SUNSET NEAR VINE • PHONE HOLLYWOOD 7101
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA
December 10, 1945
Liener Temerlin
Feature Editor of the Criterion
218 "C" Street, S. W.
Ardmore, Oklahoma
Dear Liener Temerlin:
The photographs were all exceptionally lovely, and being limited to choosing only four girls made the task most difficult. For this reason, I have chosen a fifth also.
In my opinion the most beautiful girl is MISS HELEN RICHERSON.
I have chosen the next four beautiful girls in order as follows: MISS MARY LOU TURNER, MISS WANDA TAYLOR, MISS BETH ANN POUND and MISS MARTHA ANN PATE.
I trust that my selections will meet with the approval of those who have had the great privilege of seeing these young ladies in person.
Sincerely yours,
Earl Carroll

The year 1946 has unfolded many secrets and surprises—atomic bombs, rockets to the moon, great discoveries all! But Helen Richerson, Mary Lou Turner, Wanda Taylor, Beth Ann Pound, and Martha Ann Pate—now these are rare discoveries indeed, for what is so rare as the discovery of beauty, beauty by the Earl Carroll verdict? Yes, just as Einstein is the authority on relativity, Deems Taylor on music, and Bill Stern on sports, so is Earl Carroll the last word on beauty. Nothing but the best of judges for the best of schools! With this the *Criterion* is proudly announcing the best kept secret of the year, the Beauty Queen.

MISS HELEN RICHERSON—BEAUTY QUEEN

MISS TURNER
MISS POUND

MISS TAYLOR
MISS PATE

MISS MELVA JEAN HALL—BAND QUEEN

MISS HELLEN CLEEK—FOOTBALL QUEEN

ARDMORE HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The A.H.S. Band, clad in the traditional red and white, marched through a very successful year in 1946 under the able leadership of Raymond Gabbard. At every home football game and at Pauls Valley and Durant the band was there spreading school spirit to the strains of "Onward Ardmore." One of the most unusual half-time features of the season was the band's performance on statehood day, when they paid a fine tribute to Oklahoma's sons and daughters at war. Assemblies throughout the year were enlivened by this fine contingent of musicians. Highlighting the year's activities was the annual Spring Concert during which the newly elected band queen is crowned and kissed by the drum major.

BAND ROSTER

CLARINETS
- Billy Wallis
- Patricia Hardy
- Gloria Hardy
- Harold Butler
- Billy Todd
- Memory Smith
- John Patterson
- Harbon McIntire
- Jack Geurkink
- Bob Cathey
- Don Bulard
- David Poe
- Virginia Fraley
- Donald Jackson
- Milton Jones
- Barbara Schuerhoff
- Henray Klein
- Gene Morter

FLUTES
- Joan Scrughan
- Betty Raburn
- Charlene Rainwater

CORNETS
- Royce Branum
- Winston Ruble
- Jackie Longino
- Weldon Saylor
- Bob Gordon
- Herschell Whitley
- Pat Whitfield
- Sam Williams
- Bob Mitchell
- Jim Wagoner

TROMBONES
- Bob Sparger
- Frank Bell
- Mance Drummond
- Bryce Holloway
- Douglas Jernigan
- Bob Cavins

FRENCH HORNS
- Paul Saylor
- Gene Sigmin
- Edwin Johnson
- Joe Davis

SAXOPHONES
- Roy Simmons
- Scotta Sparks
- Bob Jordan
- Lorenz Boyd
- Peggy Coady

BARITONES
- Sam Hunt
- Bill Stacy

BASS CLARINETS
- Gordon Rice
- Arthur Salyer

ALTO CLARINET
- Don Dillard

DRUMS
- Jack Hammett
- Donald Green
- Bob Beane
- Dorothy Cude
- Dick Miley
- Ellen Smith
- Ruby Rainwater
- Jimy Brady

BASSOON
- Maryella Moorhead
- Bill Shaner

BASSES
- Walter Reed
- Clive Atkinson
- Wayne Wood
- Virgil Palmer

OBOES
- Lorin Herbold
- Nathan Geurkink

TWIRLERS AND MAJORETTES
- Margaret Michael
- Harryette Lowenstein
- Nancy Nolan
- Peggy Dyerly
- Jimy Brady
- Frances Clemens

BAND QUEEN
- Melva Jean Hall

DRUM MAJOR
- Paul Saylor

CHORAL CLUB

The 1946 Choral Club of A.H.S. under the direction of Miss Ruth Chaffin was one of the busiest organizations in the highschool. Members helped sell bonds for the Seventh War Loan and appeared at various churches and civic clubs. One of the Club's most historic performances was on the occasion of the school's radio debut. Especially beautiful was the Christmas program presented by the singers and broadcast over KVSO. The scriptural nativity theme was interwoven with Christmas hymns to produce a very lovely total ef-ect. In May as a climax to the year's activities an operetta, "Hollywood Extra," in two acts with music by Cadman and libretto by Brown was presented. All in all A.H.S. may well be proud of its outstanding Choral Club.

Mixed Quartet

LaNeave Woolverton	Frank Bell
Jimy Brady	Douglas Vernon

Boys' Quartet (Not Pictured)

Joe Sloan	E. J. Leverett
Bud Miller	Douglas Vernon

TRADITION AT A. H. S.

"You Must Come Into Your Mother's Room Unarmed" won for sophomore Mickey Clark a place in the ranks of gold medal winners. Second place was captured by junior Beth Ann Pound who spoke on "The Will to Peace." Third place went to Carol Clough, senior, with her oration "Let There Be Light." Other participants in this oldest and most distinguished tradition at A.H.S. were Adele Rice, Margaret Sullivan, and Billie Maxine Crouch.

This year's contest was accompanied by the traditional flurry of decorating, class yells, and the customary tense atmosphere. The seniors upset the poor little sophs no end by hooking on to their snake line, waving senior signs, but the sophomores avenged themselves by winning first place.

LIST OF PREVIOUS WINNERS

1945 La Veta Phillips
1944 Richard Ellis
1943 Carolyn Jones
1942 Don White
1941 Margaret Gilreath
1940 Billy Ingler
1939 Joe London
1938 Roger Gray
1937 Ingram Henry
1936 Kenneth Lowe
1935 Max Cook
1934 Tom Brett
1933 Weldon C. Peden
1932 Joseph A. Callaway
1931 Macmillan Lambert
1930 Anna Morris Vaughn
1929 John Lawrence
1928 Eugenia Wilkes
1927 Helen Kelly
1926 Mary Anderson
1925 Irene Baum
1924 Hershel Levan
1923 Jeanette Lanford
1922 Gwyn Whiteman
1921 Gretchen Comegys
1920 Valter Poole
1919 Kelly Baker
Pernie Clowdus
1918 Louise Norman
1917 Bonnie Duston
1916 Mildred Galt
1915 John Thompson
1914 Doris Westheimer
1913 Anne Anderson
1912 Leland McNees
1911 Paul Frame
1910 Ezra Dyer
1909 George Williams
1908 Fred Tucker
1907 Samuel Newman
1906 James Ina Johnson
1905 Kate Galt

Tigers Thrill Huge Crowd
With 13-0 Victory Over Ada

Alert Tigers Win Brilliant
20 to 7 Victory Over Duncan

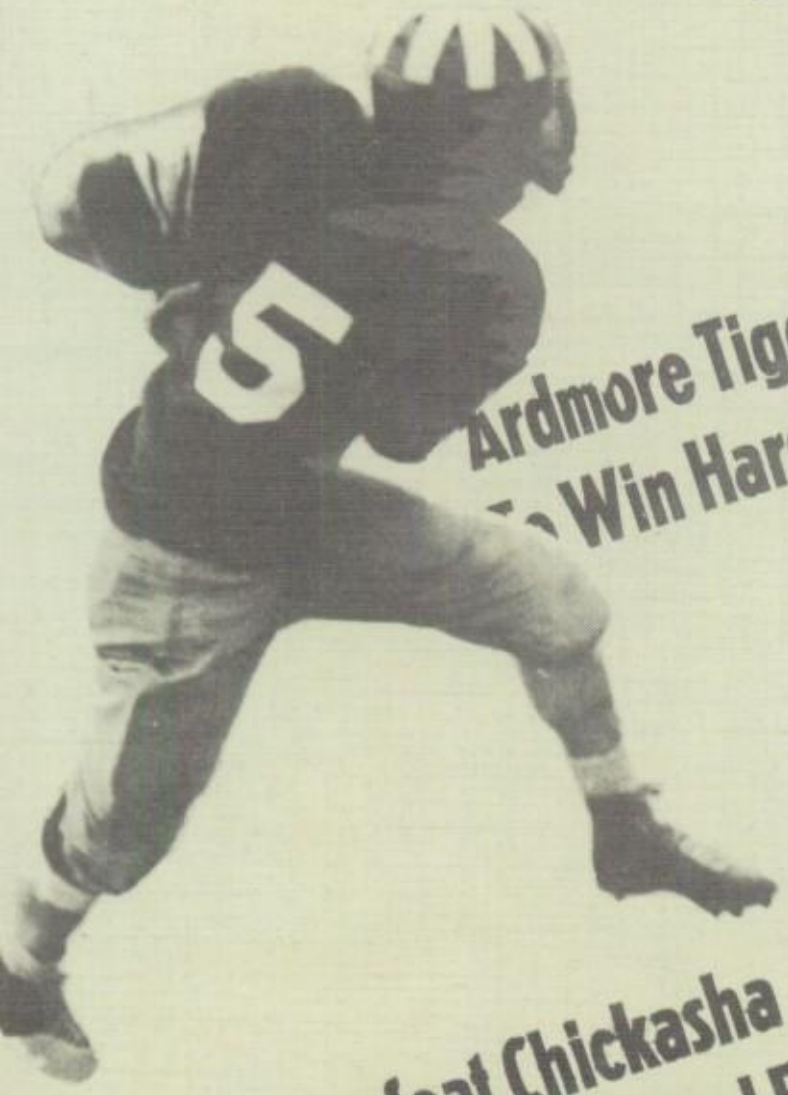
Ardmore Trips
Madill 26 to 0

Ardmore Wins West Title

Tigers Gallop Past Pauls
Valley for 40 to 6 Victory

Ardmore Tigers Overwhelm
Green Wilson High Team 46-0

Tiny Tigers Tumble Comets From Highschool Race, 14-6



Ardmore Tigers Nose Lawton
To Win Hard Fought Game 6-0

Tigers Drop Heart-Breaker
Capitol Hill Redskins

Ardmore Trips Hugo; to Play
Classen at Walker Stadium

Tigers Defeat Chickasha
19-0 on Water-Logged Field

Ardmore Overwhelms Durant
42-0 In First District Game

TIGERS

JAMES GAYLOR . . . curly haired center . . . amazingly few bad pass backs . . . infectious grin.

GERALD ERNST . . . first year at end . . . remarkable blocker . . . pass catcher . . . shy but cute.

BUD BIDDICK . . . . stellar left end . . . hands made for pass - snatching . . . tall, dark, handsome.

PAT CASHMAN . . . All-State back . . . team captain . . . speed and football sense . . . charm plus.

DON LEEMAN . . . . stonewall guard . . . defense captain . . . All-State honorable mention . . . swell guy.

Top Row (Left to Right): Jim Ottinger, Frank Cornell, John Colvert, Dale Prater, Gerald Ernst, John Holladay, Ray Davidson, Joh Plume, Bud Biddick, Bill Howie, Paul Young.

Second Row: James Cason, Dan Jones, Fred Chapman, James Gaylor, Bob Grissom, Jack Brewster, E. J. Leverett, Gene Read, Jim Bid dick, Ned Turner.

Third Row: Joe Ward, Don Leeman, Gene Hill, Bill Stringer, Pat Cashman, Max Williamson, Donn Young, Ambert Hattensty, Jer Nance, Raymond Potts.

E. J. LEVERETT . . . Tiger's fastest back . . . good line plunger . . . baritone in Boys' Quartette

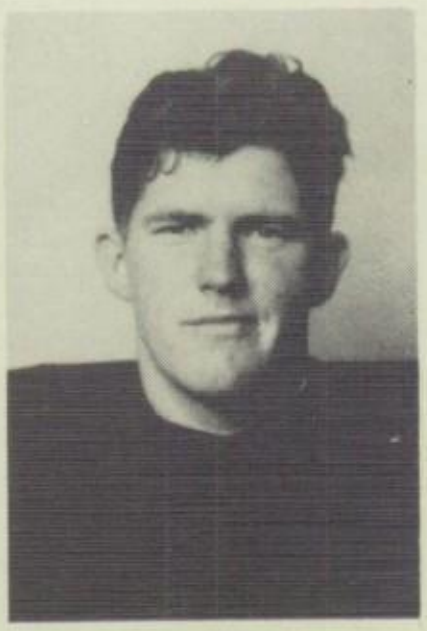
GENE READ . . . team's high scorer . . . beautiful passing . . . hard driving fullback . . . good looking.

BOB GRISSOM . . . . blocking back . . . defense key . . . two year letterman . . . likeable guy.

FOOTBALL SCORES

dmore 46	Wilson	0
dmore 6	Capitol Hill	12
dmore 19	Chickasha	0
dmore 13	Ada	0
dmore 6	Lawton	0
dmore 20	Duncan	7
dmore 42	Durant	0
dmore 26	Madill	0
dmore 40	Pauls Valley	6
dmore 34	Hugo	7
dmore 14	Classen	6
dmore 12	Duncan	18

FRANK CORNELL . . . good defensive tackle . . . easy going Texan . . . . looks like Van Johnson.



BILL HOWIE . . . juggernaut tackle . . heaviest A-stringer . . . red hair and boogie-woogie.

DAN JONES . . . aggressive right guard . . . fast on recovering fumbles . . . nicknamed Jughead.

JOE WARD
Back
Fast and shifty

MAX WILLIAMSON
Back
Peppy and versatile

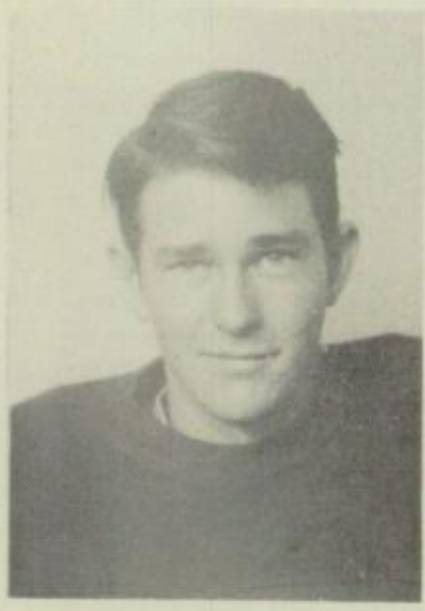
JOHN PLUME
Center
Lanky and long-legged

FRED CHAPMAN
Tackle
Blonde and hustling

BILL STRINGER
Guard
Scrappy tho' lightweight

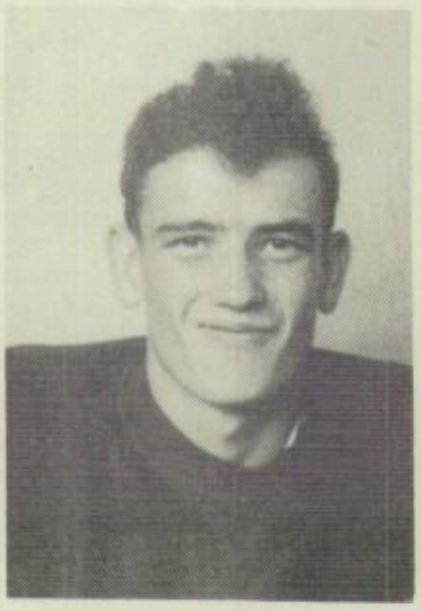
GENE HILL
Guard
Aggressive and charging

JAMES CASON
Guard
Nicknamed "Pistol"



JIM OTTINGER
Guard
Hot with a harmonica

DONN YOUNG
Back
Pint-sized but likely



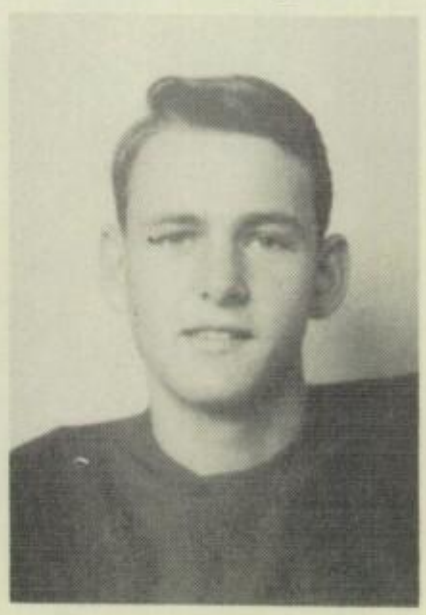
DALE PRATER
Back
Runs and passes

JACK BREWSTER
Back
Sure-fire extra points

JOHN COLVERT
Tackle
Tall and heavyweight

JERRY NANCE
End
Fine ability, eager

AMBERT HATTENSTY
End
Future fine lineman



RAY DAVIDSON
End
Promising sophomore

JOHN HOLLADAY
Tackle
Our heaviest Tiger

PAUL YOUNG

In 1945 the handsome six-foot Tiger coach produced a splendid football team which many consider Ardmore's greatest. His hard-boiled, but friendly attitude won the boys' hearts and loyalties. He stirred up a fighting spirit that wouldn't give up. By his superior coaching year after year, Young has created from lightweight, green material some of the most outstanding teams in the state in both basketball and football. We feel that he merits a big blue ribbon on his fine record.

Coach Young, even if rumors and offers of bigger and better jobs come your way, remember that Ardmore and A.H.S. know your real worth and will always appreciate you.

The 1945 Ardmore High School Tigers went into the state semi-final to climax one of the most successful seasons Ardmore has ever seen. Winning 10 out of 12 games our gridsters fought against overwhelming odds to be rated among the top five of the state. After tumbling Classen (1944 State Champs), the Tigers were finally toppled in the state race by Duncan by a heartbreaking score of 18-12.

The Tigers had three men placed on the South's All State Team: Pat Cashman (tail back), Lloyd (Bud) Biddick (left end), and Don Leeman (left guard). Pat Cashman, the team's spark-plug, placed on the first team.

The seniors who saw service for the last time this year are Pat Cashman, E. J. Leverett, Lloyd Biddick, Don Leeman, James Gaylor, Gerald Ernst, John Plume, Fred Chapman, and Max Williamson. The players who are eligible for the next year's team are Gene Read, Bob Grissom, Bill Howie, Dan Jones, Frank Cornell, James Cason, John Colvert, Dale Prater, Jerry Nance, Bill Stringer, Donn Young, Ambert Hattensty, Ray Davidson, Jack Brewster, Gene Hill.

Ooohs and aa-ahs exploded all over Walker Field at half-time in the Ardmore-Ada football game October 12. Hellen (The Atomic Blonde) Cleek was crowned in the traditional manner by Bud (Gorgeous Hunk of Man) Biddick. When he bestowed the ceremonial kiss the rest of the feminine contingent practically had to be restrained forcibly from swarming out onto the field. Lucky Hellen!

Attending her were the runners-up—Senior Harryette Lowenstein and Sophomore Fritzi Horn. Escorting the three beautiful damsels were Charley White, junior, Liener Temerlin, senior, and Doug Vernon, sophomore.

The contestants were nominated by the football team and elected by popular vote. After a furious orgy of sign displays and out-and-out politics, the great middle class won out.

Vive la reine! (French for Hubba, Hubba, Hubba, Hellen!)

Back Row (Left to Right): Royce Branum, Lloyd Biddick, Winston Ruble, Frank Cornell, Coach Young.

First Row: Pat Cashman, Max Williamson, Dale Prater, Ned Turner (manager), Don Atkins, Artle Spencer.

The A.H.S. cagers went into the Regional Finals to climax the 1945-46 season. With only two lettermen remaining from last year and the rest of the boys inexperienced and green, the cagers had a rather unsuccessful year and won only six of their sixteen games.

The seniors who saw service for the last time are Lloyd Biddick and Artle Spencer, two year lettermen, and Max Williamson and Pat Cashman, one year lettermen. The players who are eligible for next year's team are Royce Branum, Winston Ruble, Frank Cornell, Dale Prater, and Don Atkins, all of whom are one year lettermen.

The second stringers are Bill Case, Jim Clowe, Cordy Heron, Dick Howie, Harold McMillan, Jerry Nance, Bill Priddy, Curwood Stewart, Jim Hill, James Riley.

Ned Turner, manager, accompanied the team on all trips.

Ardmore	22	37	Duncan	January	11	"	32	34	Duncan	February	19
"	18	21	Ada	January	15	"	32	34	Durant	February	21
"	29	22	Durant	January	18	"	32	43	Norman	February	22
"	45	20	Madill	January	22	"	23	33	Classen	February	26
"	37	20	Wilson	January	25						
"	31	32	Ada	January	29		REGIONAL TOURNAMENT				
"	36	42	Norman	February	1	"	26	17	Madill	March	1
"	22	41	Classen	February	5						
"	34	17	Madill	February	8		FINALS				
"	40	26	Pauls Valley	February	11	"	13	22	McAlester	March	2

J. W. WYLIE, B.S.
Social Science and Physical Education
Southeastern State College

TRACK EVENTS

For the first year since 1939 the winged-foot athletes of A.H.S. were organized officially under Coach J. W. Wylie. Although the strong-hearted competitors were comparatively "green" to the sport, they worked with their aggressive coach constantly until they reached perfection.

The Tigers began their season at Durant on April 12 at the district meet and journeyed again to an invitational meet at Duncan. Winners from these meets entered the state meet at Norman.

As we watched the distance races we found Arch Hill, Larry Lawrence, and Billy Cates running the mile; Gerald Ernst, Bill Burton, John Head, Sam Hunt, Robert Butcher, and Bill Runge in the halfmile race. Those running the quarter mile as a dash were Joe Ward, Don Leeman, James Gaylor, and E. J. Leverett. Those stirring the dust for 220 honors were James Gaylor, Don Leeman, Joe Ward, and John Head. Into the 100 yd. sprint came E. J. Leverett, John Head and James Gaylor. The speedy mile relay team consisted of Don Leeman, James Gaylor, Joe Ward, and E. J. Leverett. Gordon Rice and E. J. Leverett ran the 220 low-hurdles while Gerald Ernst, Joe Ward, and Larry Lawrence competed in broad-jumping. Lawrence and Ernst also entered the high-jump.

From the editorial page of The Daily Ardmoreite, Monday, March 25, 1946.

SHOULD BE EXPANDED

The demonstration of the school's physical education program on Friday night of last week should have had one important reaction on all who saw it.

It should have impressed those present with the importance of physical health as a step in the production of the kind of citizens we will have to have in tomorrow's world.

The youth of today faces the heaviest responsibility ever laid upon any generation in the history of this nation. Into their hands will be placed the muddled mess and tangled problems that we have created and allowed to be created.

Educationally and culturally we are striding ahead and making the proper preparations for the handling of these problems in an effective manner.

One can only hope we are making the same progress in the development of physical health which must be a part and parcel of the overall requirements of the super-citizen we will have to face the rough situations that seem to be inevitable in the years ahead.

Election to the National Honor Society is reserved for outstanding students from the upper one-fourth of the senior class. Character, leadership, scholarship, and service are the points upon which students are selected. Service implies not only the big jobs—class officers and such, but the little unsung services that individual teachers remember. These eighteen represent the intelligentsia of the senior class and command the whole hearted esteem of the entire school. They are from left to right, (front row): Paul Saylor, Don Leeman, Bruce Coplin, Liener Temerlin, Pat Cashman, Joe Van Benton, (standing) Marilyn Myers, Frances Bartee, Billie Maxine Crouch, Carol Clough, La Neave Woolverton, Dorothy Spearman, Gerald Ernst, Mrs. Lillian Schenk, sponsor, Fariss Jones, Anita Berry, Melva Jean Hall, Alma Halpin. Susie Connelly

THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Students and faculty voted Anita Berry the senior girl rating highest in dependability, service, leadership, and patriotism. She is the girl who is willing always to accept responsibility and has the initiative to carry it out. Her personality is winning because she is genuinely intrigued by life and has an unselfish interest in family, school, and nation. She is to compete in the state D.A.R. Good Citizenship Pilgrimage. The award is an inspirational and educational trip to Washington, D.C.

MRS. NINA OLIVER
Sponsor

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

PAUL SAYLOR
President

Student government at A.H.S. concerns itself not so much with matters of school policy as with school action. Under its supervision the football and band queen lovelies are crowned and the class orators presented with flowers. In fact, all arrangements for this annual oratorical event were handled this year by the council. In addition all balloting was directed by these student representatives. Friendship between junior and senior high was fostered when both councils met for lunch at the school cafeteria.

Even Congressmen take time off to play and the council spent a hilarious evening roasting wieners at Lake Murray and skating at Whittington Park on their annual party.

For the past years the council has been guided by Mrs. Nina Oliver, whose sincere interest has considerably strengthened the council.

Officers for 1945-46 were Paul Saylor, president; Sam Hunt, vice-president; Edith Schiff, secretary; Elizabeth Gaylor, treasurer; Anita Berry, corresponding secretary; Nelda Barnett, sergeant-at-arms; Alma Halpin, chairman research committee.

Other members are Billie Maxine Crouch, Dorothy Spearman, Hellen Cleek, Peggy Dyerly, Elizabeth Miller, Dorothy Cude, Betty Renick, Colene Shinn, Shirley Geurkink, Fritzi Horn, Barbara Howard, Ann Noble, Liener Temerlin, Ann Clark, and Ray Davidson.

JUNIOR ROTARIANS AND JUNIOR RYONIS

One of the coveted honors conferred upon senior boys is being selected as junior member of the Rotary Club, one of Ardmore's leading civic groups. At the beginning of each month in the school year, an outstanding senior boy is chosen by the faculty to join the Rotarians in four of their weekly meetings. Receiving this honor this year were Paul Saylor, David Steed, Phil Buck, Gerald Ernst, Fariss Jones, E. J. Leverett, Liener Temerlin, Don Leeman, and Jerry Carter. Not pictured: Pat Cashman and Lloyd Biddick.

The Ryonis, women's civic organization, honors an outstanding senior girl each month as their junior member selected on a similar basis by the faculty. Receiving this honor were Billie Maxine Crouch, Melva Jean Hall, La Neave Woolverton, Marilyn Myers, Wanda Moorehead, Anita Berry, Carol Clough, and Wirtaine Franklin.

CREATIVE EFFORTS

MORNING GLORIOUS

Awake, glad heart!
And as the spears of morning light
Break through the clinging shield of night
Stand forth! and laugh in triumph.

Awake, my soul!
And though she flee from mortal drear,
Trap gossamer Love, and bring her here
To dwell with me forever.

Be joyous thou!
In sparking laughter do arise;
And brush the star-dust from your eyes,
And bathe in morning's glory.

—Betsy Smith

The Breath of the Gods

An alien silence hung over the city. Ominous uncertainty was suggested by the low blackness of the clouds; and the earth seemed unsheltered from the rayless night.

Soon the stillness was disturbed by the stir and rustle of fallen leaves; a fussy little breeze had begun to blow. Then the shrubs and trees began to sway as the breeze turned into a heaving wind. Slowly, it became more apparent as it started groaning through the limbs of the trees, then hissing and moaning until it came on with a mighty thundering roar, screaming danger.

Mercilessly it ripped through the city plundering like a thief in the night, shattering and scattering houses. Trees were split and thrown up with their roots, deforming the earth with deep rents. Furiously it whipped across the country side spreading a wide path of destruction in its wake.

The assault was brief and ended as quickly as it had begun but the evidence of the cyclonic wind was there. Ardmore counted her tornado toll.

—Liener Temerlin.

In-Between Time

I like March, when the blustering tag ends of winter are being softened by the hint of coming spring. I love to hike in the hills and one morning very early I walked in the Arbuckles which are themselves almost as old as spring. Years have worn them down—towering giants into comfortable foothills just right for a morning's stroll.

The sun doesn't rise there, but pops over the horizon like a great golden ball bounced up from the nether regions. Trees which have slept like jaded performers during the night begin to stir and dance, nipped by the biting chill of a breeze that doesn't know spring is near.

I fought the wind to climb a sunny slope and watched the sun cast sequins on the icy surface of the creek below. The surrounding hillsides fairly shouted, "It won't be long 'till spring will be here!"

I threw myself on a patch of bare earth and felt its warm dryness through my sweater. Not for me the green lushness soon to cover this spot. I love nature in its in-between moods—the hour of preparation and waiting. As I lay on my stomach I could feel the gently caressing warmth of the sun on my back. A thril ran through my whole being—the indescribable delight of being young.

—Carol Clough.

Night

Lying here, staring with sleepless eyes at the grotesque shadows mocking the wild dance of trees outside my windows, I wonder why mortals are bound to sleep in these most exciting of the twenty-four hours.

At night, all the elements lose their earthliness and, touched by the enchanted wand of evening, become strangely alive and bewitching. Trees wave their slender, pliable branches as if directing the orchestra of the winds; bushes and tall grasses echo the refrain.

Every sound stirs my imagination. The rustling of leaves becomes a company of lovely ladies waltzing by in billowing, taffeta gowns; the endless fiddling of the cricket, their accompaniment.

The stars look down with never-ending pity on sleeping mortals who are wholly unaware of the world of enchantment and mystery that is born at the setting of the sun. I love night!

—Sue Allen

OUT OUR WAY

PSALM OF STRIFE!

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Classes are a place to dream,
For the student's lost who slumbers,
Where his face is clearly seen.

Trig. is dull and English more so.
Chemistry's a horrid word,
But woe unto the slumbering torso
When its snoring can be heard!

Profs and teachers all remind us;
Soon the fatal blow will fall,
And, waking, we shall leave behind us
Footprints to Detention Hall.

—Betsy Smith

Horses I Have Known

A horse is a very peculiar creature. He is a quadruped mammal. This means that he breathes, and has four legs (two in front, and two in back). There are various kinds of horses: Palomino, Roan, Pinto, Merry-go-round, and Hobby. There are also Horse Flies, "Hoarse" Voices, and "Horses-of-a-different-color", besides Chemistry ponies, which don't have a thing to do with this essay, so I shall take them up later. (By later, I mean the next time I have a Chemistry exam.)

The first horse with which I became well acquainted was a beautiful little dappled hobby horse. One day during a particularly wild ride, Hobby fell off the porch and broke a leg, so father was forced to shoot him. My three year old mind was inconsolable, and I couldn't bear to eat the strained spinach that was cooked up over my chopped up "kindling-wood-pal."

At the tender age of sixteen I was introduced to a lovely little strawberry roan. We became very "close", after which more than my age was tender. In fact, I had to eat dinner off the mantel for six days. Still, with the help of ten tacks, a case of Casein glue, and a destroyer anchor, I learned to stick to a horse, and make him stop at railroad tracks.

Later that same year I had a terrifying time with a runaway merry-go-round, and I've been a little dizzy ever since.

Due to my wealth of experience, I was asked to be in a Kentucky Derby, but I refused the honor, because I've always looked better in a Fedora.

—Betsy Smith.

Fortitude For a Fortnight

"Sylph-like," the magazine said. Then and there I decided to whittle down my female form divine into something not resembling a barrage balloon. The nickname "Pudgy" had clung to me since those good old days when it was "so adorable" to be pink and plum; but here, I decided, was where it got the old heave-ho.

I imagined myself strolling into Biology II some morning, slim and graceful. All the wolves would immediately abandon their dead cats and besiege me for dates. As it is, there is something much more intriguing about feline innards than there is about me.

The magazine deceitfully offered "The Easy Way to Slenderness," so I cheerfully leaped into the first set of exercises. They were simple ones like this: Touch your left ear with your right foot ten times in succession. One-two! Another of these grim little torturers made Leander look like a piker. I swam (stretched out on the divan) 101 times across the Hellespont, battling treacherous innersprings all the way.

Then fainting with hunger I rushed blindly to the icebox. Ah-ah! The magazine said no! I had somehow to stave off the pangs until dinner, when I would be permitted to devour a whole slice of toast and any scraps of lettuce that Snowhite, our pet rabbit, refused to eat.

That night I discovered, stowed in my dresser drawer, a Hershey bar! A plain chocolate bar I might have resisted, but this one had almonds. Those beautiful, big almonds did it. I began leading a feverish double life—cabbage slaw for lunch and a furtive chocolate malt sipped hurriedly in a corner booth after school. I even went so far as to sneak off one day after only fifty times across the Hellespont!

Finally after the two weeks suggested by my mentor, the charm magazine, I faced me in the mirror—me plus five extra pounds!

- - - - Oh well, maybe men prefer the intellectual ty pe after all. (I keep telling myself.)

—Carol Clough

Miracle Materials

If the advertisements now appearing in print have any influence on the young men of today, then heaven help us from the women of tomorrow! Why, what they have in store for us is worse than having a blind date with Cass Daley!

According to a recent check up in one magazine alone I found more secret charms and magic powers advocated than the twelfth century beauticians ever dreamed of. In that day, however, the art was called witchcraft.

Some females spend hours preparing for the "kill" in a place where men fear to tread, the beauty parlor. It is here that all of the magical oils, lotions, war paint, trinkets, and beauty secrets are applied and, I must admit, that these products are masterpieces as potent as DDT.

What the demons of yesterday concocted with mummy dust, moor fog, and bat's blood to ward off evils has just been reversed with whale oil, alcohol, and flower petals into a beautifully bottled and bewitching liquid called perfume which seems to do the weirdest things to men. One particular type actually causes men, upon smelling this evil brew, to be lured into the den of some damsel. One might well guess that the name of this mixture is "Follow Me". But that is mild compared to the other fatal odors—"Risque" for the sophisticated debutante, "My Sin" for the maiden, "Tabu" for the spinster, and "Lilac" for the grandmother who still tries to hold on to grandpop. But the cruelest of them all is "Temptation" —that's for the teasers!

No, women haven't changed a bit from the primitive. I will admit they have improvised but they still follow their age old motto "get your man!"

—Liener Temerlin

OMEN

FRITZI

CRITERION STAFF 1945-46

Editor-in-Chief ---------- Carol Clough
Senior Editor ---------- Dan Poland
Junior Editor ---------- Elizabeth Gaylor
Sophomore Editor ---------- Margaret Sullivan
Business Manager ---------- David Steed
Assistant Business Manager ---------- Artle Spencer, Jr.
Sales Manager ---------- Bruce Coplin
Senior Assistant Sales Manager ---------- Jerry Carter
Junior Assistant Sales Manager ---------- Don Atkins
Sophomore Assistant Sales Manager ---------- Shirley Geurkink
Pictorial Editor ---------- Melva Jean Hall
Assistant Pictorial Editors ----------Betty Wicker, Harriet Gardner, LeNeave Woolverton
Art Editor ---------- Maxine Frost
Assistant Art Editors ----------Joan Burrus, Ann Powledge
Sports Editor ---------- Don Leeman
Assistant Sports Editor ---------- Fariss Jones
Literary Editor ---------- Betsy Smith
Assistants ----------Betty Jo Renick, Ned Turner, Fritzi Horn
Society Editor ---------- Sue Allen
Assistants ----------Harryette Lowenstein, Wirtaine Franklin
Feature Editor ---------- Liener Temerlin
Assistants ---------- Rita Sprekelmeyer, Jeannine Cox
Music Editor ---------- Paul Saylor
Vocal Music Editor ---------- Marilyn Myers

Our *Criterion* grew from nothing but the student's fervent hopes and the staff's willingness to put in long hours of hard work. Behind these finished pages are many little incidents that we who built this book will always remember—Joan and Ann bogged down in a mass of rubber cement, pasting pictures—Sue running in from the bakery (sixth hour) with fresh hot doughnuts for everyone—Carol wearing down two pencils in an hour writing copy. We had fun laughing at Snake's spelling and Don's reluctance to include the Capitol Hill heartbreaker in the sports section. Piece by piece this annual was brought to life—by David's tireless accurate typing, Maxine's beautiful script, Melva's endless trips to the photographer, and innumerable letters to "Dear Mr. Finney:". The Criterion is woven of the many threads of highschool life and is intended to represent every phase of it. For any section that has been overlooked or overrated the staff apologizes —also for any names omitted or misspelled and the other inevitable inadequacies of the book. To avoid such mistakes we have spent many weary hours reading proof. Southwestern Engraving Company has also devoted every energy to present you with a typographically perfect book.

CLASS PROPHECY

In the editorial room of a large newspaper, "The Atomic Flash," the City Editor Dan Poland assigns to Reporter Betsy Smith the job of interviewing AHS graduates of '46 wherever they may be. Betsy steps into a gyro-cab to begin her assignment. She has to share the cab with three people who turn out to be Maxine Frost, noted portrait painter, and Douglas Burris and John Todd, Wall street financiers (just another word for glorified office boys). Her search is well begun. She orders the lady driver, who by the way is Cynthia Sanders, to go to the offices of "Sparkle" fashion magazine, owned by Bill Henry. (He still loves the women). On the way Reporter Smith happens to pass Phil Buck and his assistant, Bill Todd, driving their orange dog-catchers' helicopter. In the magazine's outer offices, she encounters a corps of secretaries—Ramona Fry, Laverne Trotter, Lillian Wallace, and Ferrell Watson—all chewing Bill Boone's Better Bubble Gum. Famous photographer, Betty Wicker and her aide, Ollie Mae Meadows, dash through with their arms full of color plates, followed by Fashion Models Joan Burrus, Betty Dayton, Harryette Lowenstein, and Mary Lou Turner, clad in the latest spun-air (hubba!) creations. Betsy finally gets in to see Editor Ann Powledge, who is contacting her Paris representative, Norma Bodine, on her televiso-scope. She learns that Ann is giving a party that night for some of her old classmates and is invited to come. At her hostess' apartment Betsy meets skating stars Millie Brady, Mary Kaye Rabun, and Mary Tabor of Tommy Pearson's new show, "Up an' Atom Roller Follies of 1966". On leave from the Foreign Legion is Capitaine Boogar Clark with show girl cuties Sudie Cissell and Jorene Forbes hanging on his arm. In one corner Billie Maxine Crouch and Maurine Sanders, fresh from their Carnegie Hall debut, are pounding twin pianos with Marilyn Myers, "The Golden Voice of Television," giving out on the vocal while playboys (still!) Pat Cashman and Max Williamson listen raptly. Larry Lawrence is explaining his newly-invented electrically controlled super bowling ball—"It Always Makes a Strike"—to Arch Hill and Joe Ward, champion bowlers of Local Street Cleaners Union No. 1946. Looking a little tired and worn out, La Neave Woolverton, just back from her fifth trip to Reno, is deep in conference with home economics expert Melva Hall, who has just discovered a vitamin guaranteed to make gray hair disappear. La Neave feels she needs it. Billing and cooing on the terrace are Harriet Gardner and her handsome West Pointer husband. They'd better be careful because peeking around the corner is David Steed, the Walter Winchell of all the gossip sheets, always on the lookout for new dirt. Gloria Hardy, famous novelist, reports that on her recent trip to South America she saw Bud Biddick and Carol Clough, hard working archeologists, digging among the old ruins in Peru. Carol was doing the digging naturally, while Biddick furnished the brain work, aided, of course, by the latest volume on ancient history by Gerald Ernst.

When Betsy has interviewed all the celebrities present, she decides to accompany a party of them to the "Dive In", classy dive run by Bill Burton, where the chief attraction is a sensational bubble dance by Susie Allen. During the act cigar girls, Anita Blalock, Doris Spearman and Jane Elzey, do a booming business especially with mischievous tycoons like Joe Sloan and Artle Spencer and wealthy ranchers, Fred Chapman and Bill Runge, just in from the country. Looking on with disapproval are Dorothy Spearman, wife of the local preacher, and her social uplift committee, the Lily Whiters—Esther Anderson, Muriel Easley and Bobbie June Davidson, welfare workers. What's this? Frances Butler, the prim little headmistress of "Thorny-Hedge-on-the-Caddo" enjoying a night at the "Dive In" and accompanied by heavy-weight prize fighter Cal Thomason at that! What would her aristocratic pupils think? Holding a blue-blooded confab are Millicent Wheat, socialite prominent in the "Back to Texas" movement, Countess Frances Bartee and Duchess Rita de Sprekelmeyer. (We knew them when.) Hovering over their table drinking in the regal atmosphere are Anita Berry, Alma Halpin, and Wanda Morehead—principal stockholders in the "Three Musketeers" Candy Bar Co. A spot of color is added by Joe Van Benton, star model for the Hart, Schaffner and Zoot Clothiers. Having a good time relaxing from their strenuous travels are famed women hunters Mary Jo Gordon, Darlene Lane, and Marie Yates. They have hunted polar bears in the Arctic, men in the Riviera, men in Rio, men in Zanzibar (need we say more?). At a corner table, weighed down by the affairs of state is Governor Don Leeman accompanied (for political reasons of course) by Wirtaine Franklin, mayor of Rainwater Springs. His Excellency is debating the question of pardoning his old school chum Harry Appleby, who has at last been sent up the river on that old charge of shooting Frank Sinatra by District Attorney Bruce Coplin. Chief witnesses for the prosecution were Sinatra's old cook Emma Fay Skinner and his hairdresser Mary Lou Chandler. Leaning on the bar, flushed with victory, conversing with bartenders Kenneth Day and Don Dillard, is lady wrestler Opal Williams, who has just won the Dogpatch style wrestling championship. The entire sports world seems to have gathered here. Mary Parlier, coach of the Podunk Panthers, exchanges chitchat with E. J. (Jet- Propulsion) Leverett, who runs the mile in three seconds flat. In a secluded corner, movie hearthrob Liener Temerlin is talking shop with pin-up starlet Wanda McCarty until suddenly she lets out a piercing sigh and falls fainting on the floor! The reason? Frankie Bell is pouring a torrid song by Jerry (Hoagy) Carter into the mike. Dr. Herman Hunt bustles in to take over, followed by his ambulance driver Howard Kelley and starchy nurses Frances Long, Betty McLaird, Sudie Cornell and Virginia McLaughlin. On seeing the handsome doctor in his hospital whites, playgirls Peggy Woods, Mary Louise Woerz, and Ann Ebeling also faint. Following this there is a slight commotion when Thelma DeHart and Hellen Wallace, contented little housewives, come storming in to find their husbands and drag them home to the sinkfuls of dirty dishes. Society girl Jeannine Cox is crawling around looking for James Gaylor, noted temperance leader, whom she left stretched out under one of the tables the previous night.

Reporter Smith with her nose for news scents a story in the serious faces of Federal Agent X-29 (John Plume's code name) and Paul Saylor, brilliant young head of Westinghouse. A grave problem has been brought to their attention by ex-F. B. I. spy Margaret Michael in an effort to reinstate herself. (She was thrown out of the service for talking too much.) Two scientists from the research laboratories at Westinghouse, Fariss Jones and Charles Kistler, have stolen valuable equipment and discovered a new element with which they say they intend to destroy the world. In the opinion of noted psychiatrists, Evangeline Malott and Betty Spurlock, the two renegades have been suffering a delayed reaction from too many physics problems in their youth. Our reporter realizes that she is hot on the trail of an important scoop and decides to fly with Saylor and Plume to the mountain hideout of the mad scientists. After tipping headwaiter W. M. Brumley, hat check girls Inez and Louise Bartley, and Bill Cates, the doorman, they leave for the airport where Bill Stacy and Billy Joe Sharp are waiting to fly them to their destination. They wear the special flying suits designed by Mildred Parker and Martha Richardson and drink a special "warm-up" concoction made by the Coady, Cummings, Cooner, and Cox Cocoa Corporation. All is now a race with time—Will they make it in time to prevent the utter demolition of the entire globe? Landing near the hideout they rush toward it. Plume is forced to dispose of guard Haskell Moore with his Flash Gordon ray gun and then suddenly, just as they reach the door of the laboratory—there is a blinding flash of light. They are too late. The great explosion has already begun. Betsy feels herself being whirled through blackest space into oblivion. When she comes to, she finds herself in a familiar place—the journalism room of AHS—racking her brains over a piece of Criterion copy . . . . Strange what the strenuous life of a senior will do to you.

CLASS WILL

Since the class of '46 is slightly ignorant in legal matters we shall omit the customary "forthwiths," "sound, mind, and body," and other long winded clauses and simply enumerate below the bequests we desire to leave behind us.

Jerry Carter gives his electronic metronome to posterity.

Bill Henry and Jorene Forbes leave their smoldering romance to Elinor Miller and Clayton Conwell.

To Buddy Smith goes Larry Lawrence's weird sense of humor.

Louise Bartley and Pauline Cox will their deathly fear of Miss Bow to Dorothy Chandler and Betty Trego.

Phil Buck leaves his brilliant Spanish record to Charley White.

James Gaylor, E. J. Leverett, and Jeannine Cox leave Colene Shinn—that's all.

Norma Bodine's golden tresses go to Ora Bell who can sure use them.

Margaret Michael bequeathes her constant chatter to Beth Ann Pound.

To Gene Read, Pat Cashman leaves the old Meason swagger.

Ann Ebeling wills her nickname "Drip" to any one who can live up to it.

Frank Bell leaves Mrs. Madden to the tender mercies of Pistol Cason.

Bud Biddick gives Hellen Cleek to Bob Grissom with fond regrets.

Sue Allen wants to leave her flirty eyes to Fritzi Horn.

La Neave Woolverton wills her contingent of males to C. C. Alderson.

Billie Maxine Crouch bequeathes her bottle of midnight oil to Betty Jo Renick.

Gene Hill receives "Snake" Temerlin's dancing feet, particularly his jitterbugging shoes.

The Criterion staff leaves to next year's corps the doughnut monopoly at the Dixie Bakery.

To his good friend, Johnny Head, goes Fred Chapman's purty blonde wig.

John Todd, the torrid lover, reluctantly gives his romantic formula to that promising sophomore, Doug Vernon.

Bill Runge desires that his flaming hair go to Jerry Montgomery.

Carol Clough and Paul Saylor leave with delightful memories their three year romance to Helen Herber and Bud Miller, that old steady couple.

Don Leeman wills his innocent grin, that makes everybody love him, to Jim Clowe.

Betsy Smith bequeathes her list of unused reducing diets to Hellen Cleek to add to her collection. Her pearl-handled revolver goes to Joan Scrugham in case all of Scrug's boyfriends come home at once.

Bobbie Davidson wants some of her reserve and dignity left to Sherma Horton, who needs it, heaven knows.

Joan Burrus leaves Kenneth Prowant—(period).

Wanda Moorhead, Anita Berry, Alma Halpin bequeath their unbreakable friendship to Ann Noble, Mickey Clark, and Fritzi Horn.

Mary Parlier's muscles are left to baby sister Janelle.

Marilyn Myers' bequest is a pair of vocal chords, dilapidated in the service of A. H. S., to Jimy Brady.

Wanda McCarty wills that innocent (?) look to Joan Hendricks.

Harriet Gardner leaves her Ipana beam to that smiling junior, Elinor Miller.

David Steed bequeaths the right to make girls' lives miserable to Raymond Potts.

Robert Clark decides to leave his line of schmus with teachers to Bill Stringer who can use it to bolster his wavering record.

Rita Sprekelmeyer and Opal Williams leave their ability to look over transoms to Jean (Treetop) Kahl.

Mary Kaye Rabun and Jane Elzey desire to will their bored expressions to Joan Scrugham and Mary Spell.

John Plume leaves—(period). (Mr. Hall sighs with relief).

Peachy Poland's last bequest, besides a well-used nickname, is the right to give book reports on Classic Comics to Mrs. Madden.

Millie Wheat wills her Texas drawl to Scotta Sparks, who can use anything you give her.

Bruce Coplin unwillingly divulges his secret formula for home permanents to Jack Hammett.

Harryette Lowenstein and Sudie Cissell leave their study aids, otherwise known as "cheat sheets" to the entire junior class in the hope that it may improve their scholastic record next year.

To some unlucky junior or soph. goes Wirtaine Franklin's record of never performing an experiment that worked in chem lab.

The honor of being the cutest, smartest, and only girl in physics, held by Ann Powledge, is left to Helen Herber.

Melva Jean Hall leaves Miss Mac. with more grey hairs.

The seniors as a class desire to bequeath the following to the juniors:

With fiendish glee we leave Macbeth's dagger speech, eight verses of Gray's "Elegy," "Whan that Aprille—," and the rest of our beloved poetry.

Our well-worn handbook on "How to Pitch Woo Artistically;" also our reserved space at Dornick Hills.

The gum under our assembly seats bequeathed to us by preceding generations.

Last of all Carol Clough and David Steed leave a bad case of writers' cramp to the authors of next years' will.

I Love You and
wish you
luck in the world!
Betty Lou

Dearest Mommy & Daddy,
Thank you for being so sweet and kind to me
when I was home. I'm sorry I was such a
pain, but I'm glad you could see
for yourself that I'm not sick.
I'm feeling much better now and
hope to be home soon.
Love,
Betty Lou

DELUXE
COVERS
KLINGSKRAFT